

A Socialist's Dream.

WHEN Samuel Richardson was writing the series of letters which grew into the novel *Pamela*, he had little consciousness of the great department of literature which he was about to call into existence. But even if he could have faintly conceived the vast extent to which this field would within one hundred and sixty years have expanded, he probably could never have guessed the variety of purposes to which the new form of writing would be applied. Very early in the present century the novel had become a recognized engine of war, but it is only quite recently that its full capacities have begun to be adequately apprehended. The plea for the confessional in *Helen Middleton*, fifty years ago, was an assault upon the Protestant sentiment of England, the effect of which can never be told. The burning eloquence of Peter the Hermit or St. Bernard, which could raise up a crusade against the Saracen, would have failed to move the nineteenth century conscience in the way that the plaintive story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* roused throughout the civilized world an irresistible storm of indignation against slavery. The debtor's prison, do-the-boys-halls, and Mr. Bumble's workhouse, received their death-blow from Dickens. But it is the appearance of such novels as *Robert Elsmere*, *The New Antigone*, *When we were Boys*, and *Looking Backward*, that enables one to realize the infinite variety of practical objects to which this literary instrument may be applied in the immediate future.

Our present concern is with the last-mentioned volume. This book, which has already had such a wide circulation, is an ingenious plea for a socialistic system of society. The work is perhaps familiar to some of our readers, but for a satisfactory treatment of the subject it is necessary for us to give some account of the plan and contents of the book.

Looking Backward is a romance, the scene of which is laid in the city of Boston, A.D. 2000. Excepting, however, the one

bold stroke of imagination by which Mr. Bellamy carries his reader forward more than a century into the future, there is little of romantic incident proper. The hero of the story is Julian West, a wealthy young man of Boston, aged about thirty in the year 1887. Suffering from insomnia, he is wont occasionally to employ the services of a very skilful mesmerist or hypnotist. The sleep obtained by this means is subject to the disadvantage that the sleeper requires to be awakened by a person specially trained in the method. The better also to protect himself from the noise of the bustling city, West has had a sleeping-chamber constructed for himself deep under the ground upon which his house is built.

On May 30, 1887, after two or three nights passed without rest, West calls in the mesmerist. He then instructs his servant to awaken him in the morning at 9 a.m., and is quickly hypnotized. During the night the house is accidentally burnt down and the servant killed, whilst West lies in his profound comatose slumber in the cellar below.

On September 10, in the year 2000, while some excavations are being made under the premises of a benevolent gentleman, named Dr. Leete, the subterranean chamber is discovered. West is found just as the mesmerist had left him one hundred and thirteen years before. The dry atmosphere and the suspended condition of vital activity, due to the hypnotic trance, had preserved him uninjured and unchanged during the interval. He is revived from his protracted nap by Dr. Leete, but imagines that he has had merely an ordinary night's rest. It requires two or three days to convince him of his own identity, and of the extraordinary adventure of which he has been the subject. He lives for some time with Dr. Leete, and his chats with his host, together with the description of one or two excursions into the city, are the means by which the new social system is set before us, and compared with the old. The requisite love element of the story is provided for in the person of Edith Leete, the doctor's daughter, who turns out to be the grand-daughter of West's *fiancée* of 1887.

There is a temporary lapse back into the nineteenth century in a dream, about a week after his first awaking. This incident is undoubtedly a clever device for vividly recalling to us the defects of the old *régime*, and for contrasting it with the new, but it considerably weakens the otherwise very realistic character of the romance. The conception of the story is

ingenious and skilfully carried out. The language is good, the style clear, and the descriptions life-like. The interest, in spite of the long discussions with Leete on the new order of society, is fairly maintained throughout. These discussions, indeed, are often virtually monologues of Dr. Leete on the beauties of the new system and the defects of the old. On the whole, we doubt if a more attractive method of urging the case for socialism could be invented. These literary qualities of the book are, however, of very secondary importance. The vital question is: What is the real value of the socialistic theory here advocated? and we purpose to devote the present and a future paper to the treatment of the subject.

The case put forward for socialism may be considered to consist of two parts—the positive exposition of the new system, and a trenchant criticism of the evils of the old. The two lines of argument, however, are not separated; in the dialogue throughout the book the one is continually suggesting or passing into the other.

We will first endeavour to give as adequate an account as our space can afford of the social state presented to us in *Looking Backward*, and we will then examine some of its chief features. In our sketch we will adhere closely to Mr. Bellamy.

In the year A.D. 2000 a system of thorough-going state socialism has been already in existence throughout the civilized world for a considerable time. In the case of the United States—with which the romance especially deals—the productive wealth of the country has been “nationalized,” that is, appropriated by the nation as a corporate body. The growth of production on a large scale, and the concentration of the management of industry in the hands of a smaller and smaller number of separate bodies during the nineteenth century had been gradually leading up to the last step:

Early in the twentieth century the evolution was completed by the final consolidation of the entire capital of the nation. The industry and commerce of the country, ceasing to be conducted by a set of irresponsible corporations and syndicates of private persons at their caprice and for their profit, were entrusted to a single syndicate representing the people, to be conducted in the common interest for the common profit. The nation, that is to say, organized as the one great business corporation in which all other corporations were absorbed; it became the one capitalist in place of all other capitalists,

the sole employer, the final monopoly, in which all previous and lesser monopolies were swallowed up, a monopoly in the profits and economies of which all citizens shared.

This great change, too, came about without any bloodshed—

There was absolutely no violence. The change had long been foreseen. Public opinion had become fully ripe for it, and the whole mass of the people was behind it. . . . Fifty years before, the consolidation of the industries of the country under national control would have seemed a very daring experiment to the most sanguine. But by a series of object lessons, seen and studied by all men, the great corporations had taught the people an entirely new set of ideas on this subject. They had seen for many years syndicates handling revenues greater than those of States, and directing the labours of hundreds of thousands of men, with an efficiency and economy unattainable in smaller operations. . . . Thus it came about that, thanks to the corporations themselves, when it was proposed that the nation should assume their functions, the suggestion implied nothing which seemed impracticable even to the timid. To be sure it was a step beyond any yet taken, a broader generalization, but the very fact that the nation would be the sole corporation in the field would, it was seen, relieve the undertaking of many difficulties with which the partial monopolies had contended. (p. 21.)

But it is not enough to get rid of the old state of things, and to nationalize the wealth of private individuals; the real difficulty begins with the problem of working the new scheme. And it is here that Mr. Bellamy's ingenuity is best exhibited in meeting, or in attempting to meet, the difficulties usually urged against the practical possibility of socialism. The groundwork of the new system is undoubtedly very simple. It consists in the application of the principle of universal military service, as practised in the nineteenth century, to the labour question :

The people were already accustomed to the idea that the obligation of every citizen, not physically disabled, to contribute his military services to the defence of the nation was equal and absolute. That it was equally the duty of every citizen to contribute his quota of industrial or intellectual services to the maintenance of the nation, was equally evident, though it was not until the nation became the employer of labour that citizens were able to render this sort of service with any pretence either of universality or equity. Universal service in the new system is rather a matter of course than of compulsion. It is regarded as so absolutely natural and reasonable, that the idea of its being compulsory has ceased to be thought of. The term of service in this

industrial army begins later and ends earlier than the average working period in the nineteenth century. It covers twenty-four years, beginning at the close of the course of education at twenty-one, and terminating at forty-five. After forty-five, while discharged from labour, the citizen still remains liable to special calls, in case of emergencies causing a sudden great increase in the demand for labour, till he reaches the age of fifty-five, but such calls are rarely, in fact, almost never made.

But now we come upon one of the most forcible and frequently urged difficulties which the socialist has to face : How is the trade or profession of each man to be determined ? The analogy with a military army will not hold here :

Soldiers have all the same thing, and a very simple thing, to do, namely, to practise the manual of arms, to march and stand guard. But the industrial army must learn and follow two or three hundred diverse trades and avocations.

The solution offered, which is based on well-established economic laws, is certainly the most plausible that we have yet come across :

Every man is allowed to choose for himself, in accordance with his natural aptitude, the utmost pains being taken to enable him to find out what his natural aptitude really is. While the obligation of service in some form is not to be evaded, voluntary election, subject only to necessary regulation, is depended on to determine the particular sort of service every man is to render. If, however, he has no special taste, and makes no election when opportunity is offered, he is assigned to any avocation among those of an unskilled character which may be in need of men.

Of course to this plan it will be at once objected, that if this is permitted, the number of volunteers for any trade may not correspond to that which is required ; but in the more agreeable sorts of work the supply will exceed, in the more disagreeable will fall short of what is needed. The reply is that it is the office of the administration to indirectly procure that the supply be equal to the demand. The rate of volunteering for each trade is closely watched. If there be a noticeable excess of volunteers over men needed in any trade, it is inferred that the trade offers greater attractions than others. On the other hand, if the number of volunteers for a trade tends to drop below the demand, it is inferred that it is thought more arduous. It is the business of the administration to seek constantly to equalize the attractions of the trades

so far as the conditions of labour in them are concerned, so that all trades shall be equally attractive to persons having natural tastes for them. This is done by making the hours of labour in different trades to differ according to their arduousness. The lighter trades, prosecuted under the most agreeable circumstances, have in this way the longest hours, while an arduous trade, such as mining, has very short hours. There is no theory, no *a priori* rule, by which the respective attractiveness of industries is determined. The administration, in taking burdens off one class of workers and adding them to other classes, simply follows the fluctuations of opinions among the workers themselves, as indicated by the rate of volunteering. The principle is that all men's work ought to be equal, the workers themselves to be judges. There are no limits to the application of this rule. If any particular occupation is in itself so arduous or so oppressive, that, in order to induce volunteers, the day's work in it had to be reduced to ten minutes, it would be done. If even, then, no man was willing to do the work, it would remain undone. But of course, in point of fact, a moderate reduction in the hours of labour, or addition of other privileges, suffices to secure all needed volunteers for any occupation necessary to men. If, indeed, the unavoidable difficulties and dangers of such a necessary pursuit were so great that no inducement of compensating advantages would overcome men's repugnance to it, the administration would only need to take it out of the common order of occupations by declaring it "extra hazardous," and those who pursued it especially worthy of the national gratitude, to be overrun with volunteers :

Our young men [continues Dr. Leete] are very greedy of honour, and do not let slip such opportunities. Of course you will see that dependence on the purely voluntary choice of avocations involves the abolition in all of anything like unhygienic conditions, or special peril to life and limb. The nation does not maim and slaughter its workmen by thousands, as did the private capitalists and corporations in your day.

Their solution of this difficulty is considered to be still more effectively provided for by the universal system of education. The general education of all citizens is continued till they reach the age of twenty-one. After this, there are for all three years of stringent discipline, during which the

new recruit is employed in common or unskilled labour at the discretion of his superior officers. At the end of this term, he makes his choice in accordance with his natural tastes, as to whether he will fit himself for art or science, or become a farmer or a mechanic. If he finds that he can do better work with his brains than with his muscles, he has every facility provided for testing his supposed bent, of cultivating it, and, if fit, of pursuing it as his avocation. The schools of the liberal arts and sciences are open to all; but idlers or incapable persons could not continue in them. These institutions are designed for men with a special aptitude for the branches they teach, and any one without it would find it easier to do double hours at his trade than try to keep up with his classes. Many, of course, honestly mistake their vocation for awhile, but finding themselves unequal to the requirements of the schools, they drop out and return to industrial service, without, however, incurring any discredit.

We next come upon the wages question, How are the rates of wages in the various occupations to be fixed? Who is to decide how much shall be given to the doctor, and how much to the digger? Here we somewhat unexpectedly find the author depart from the doctrine of socialism in the direction of communism. The title of the labourer to his share is, in the new commonwealth, "his humanity." "The basis of his claim is the fact that he is a man." All labourers, therefore, the strong and the weak, the skilful and the inefficient, the talented and the stupid, those who accomplish much and those who accomplish little, receive precisely the same remuneration. The peculiar feature of Mr. Bellamy's socialism certainly possesses the merit of simplicity. On the other hand, however, it entails pretty obvious difficulties.

Money, as it was understood in the nineteenth century, has been discarded in the new society; and in its place "credit cards" are given to all citizens. A credit corresponding to his share of the annual product of the nation is given to every man on the public books at the beginning of each year, and an order is issued to him by which he can get what he wants at the public stores. The old terminology of dollars, cents, &c., has been retained merely for the convenience of a recognized measure of value. One of the chief economies claimed for the new order of things is the superior machinery of distribution. Shops have, of course, been done away with; and in their

place at regular intervals scattered over the city are to be found "sample stores." These are large offices, or business houses, where are to be seen samples of all varieties of goods produced or imported by the United States. These sample stores are connected with one great central warehouse in the heart of the city, in which all the goods are kept. The would-be purchaser gives his order to one of the clerks at the sample store, who writes it on a tablet and drops it into a tube, through which it is carried by methods of locomotion recently invented to the central warehouse. The parcels are thence similarly distributed without loss of time or labour at the homes of the purchasers.

The description of the sample store recalls to memory passages in the *Arabian Nights*:

As we entered, Edith said that there was one of these great distributing establishments in each ward of the city, so that no residence was more than five or ten minutes' walk from one of them. It was the first interior of a twentieth-century public building that I had ever beheld, and the spectacle naturally impressed me deeply. I was in a vast hall full of light, received not alone from the windows on all sides, but from the dome, the point of which was a hundred feet above. Beneath it, in the centre of the hall, a magnificent fountain played, cooling the atmosphere to a delicious freshness with its spray. The walls and ceiling were frescoed in mellow tints, calculated to soften without absorbing the light which flooded the interior. Around the fountain was a space occupied with chairs and sofas, on which many persons were seated conversing. Legends on the walls about the hall indicated to what classes of commodities the counters below were devoted. . . . The orders, as they are taken by the different departments in the store, are sent by transmitters to the despatching clerk. His assistants sort them, and enclose each class in a carrier-box by itself. The despatching clerk has a dozen pneumatic transmitters before him answering to the general classes of goods, each communicating with the corresponding department at the warehouse. He drops the box of orders into the tube it calls for, and in a few moments later it drops on the proper desk in the warehouse, together with all the orders of the same sort from the other sample stores. The orders are read off, recorded, and sent to be filled, like lightning. The filling I thought the most interesting part. Bales of cloth are placed on spindles and turned by machinery, and the cutter, who has a machine, works right through one bale after another till exhausted, when another man takes his place; and it is the same with those who fill the orders in any other staple. The packages are then delivered by larger tubes to the city districts, and thence distributed to the houses. (p. 36.)

This last process is like the action of a gigantic mill, "into the hopper of which goods are being constantly poured by the train-load and ship-load, to issue at the other end in packages of pounds and ounces, yards and inches, pints and gallons, corresponding to the infinitely complex personal needs of half a million people." (p. 64.)

There are a multitude of other novel features in the new commonwealth, which we have not space to describe in detail. There are no domestic servants; but instead, public dining-rooms, cooking-kitchens, laundries, and the like. Even the best instrumental and vocal music is laid on, night and day, like gas by telephonic tubes from the music halls to private houses. Not merely is education completely in the hands of the State; but every child has a claim upon the State for a scale of comfort equivalent to that of its parents. In the lofty ethereal atmosphere of unselfishness which prevails in the year A.D. 2000, it is a universally accepted axiom that those who are naturally weaker, less talented or less efficient workers should, if any distinction were made, receive a larger rather than a smaller share of the produce of the nation compared with their more gifted fellow-citizens.

Women are organized on a similar plan to that of the male industrial army, but under feminine superintendence. They are allowed to undertake only the lighter sorts of labour, their hours of work are considerably shorter, and their vocations more frequent than those of the men. They are exempted in the new *régime* from all the domestic drudgery which the family life of previous centuries imposed on them. They are completely independent of their husbands, and receive their own credit cards direct from the State, their remuneration being exactly the same as that of male labourers.

While the nation undertakes and controls all public business, smaller groups of citizens can co-operate, as now, for social, religious, political, or other semi-private purposes, and are able substantially, as at the present time, to raise common funds for such ends by contributions from their private credits. Thus, if a number of citizens want a newspaper, they collect a list of subscribers, then choose their editor and apply to the State, which has no option but to publish, deducting expenses from their cards. Religion is managed in exactly the same way, and subscribers can have any form of doctrine they choose laid on from the different churches to their dwellings, just like gas

or music. In fact, one of the most striking chapters of *Looking Backward* is a sermon by a popular preacher in an acoustically-prepared church through telephones to a congregation of one hundred and fifty thousand people, seated comfortably in their own parlours.

The twenty-second chapter of the book is devoted to answering a difficulty that all students of Political Economy—nay, all men with any knowledge of business—must feel when reading the author's fascinating description of the affluence and universal comfort of the happy beings who have the good fortune to live in the year A.D. 2000. "How," it will be frequently asked, "can the total annual income of the nation be so increased, especially with shortened hours and years of labour, that the share of each man so far surpasses that which prevailed under the old *régime*? The socialistic method of distribution, it may be admitted, is more equitable or more satisfactory than that of the individualistic system, but the total product will necessarily be much diminished."

This objection undoubtedly possesses great force—far more than socialists ever seem to realize—but yet we believe that in their treatment of this question socialistic writers have contributed much that is of value to the science of Political Economy. In the hands of nearly all leading English economists from the time of Adam Smith until about twenty-five years ago, the science of Political Economy was virtually identical with the treatment of two questions: the theory of the production of wealth, and the theory of its exchange, *under the hypothesis of laissez-faire or free competition*. Great ability was displayed in the exposition of the laws governing the accumulation of capital, and much skill and ingenuity was devoted to tracing the general principles determining the distribution of the produce of industry in a condition of society where private property and unrestricted liberty in the pursuit of wealth is secured to the individual by the State. Throughout the writings of the large majority of the most distinguished economists of this period, omitting, perhaps, those of J. S. Mill, there runs a double assumption—on the one hand, that the economic ideal is the maximum production of wealth, and on the other, that the method of *laissez-faire* is best calculated to secure this end. Free competition, or unfettered liberty, in bargaining is invariably described as only the "natural" method of distribution; and it is almost as universally implied that this "natural" method

guarantees to each a right and equitable remuneration for his services; whilst it is never questioned that this plan secures the maximum annual production of wealth. The beneficent effects of self-interest are repeatedly dwelt upon, and we are continuously being shown how the stimulus of selfishness, urging each to better his own condition, results in the universal good of society as a whole.

Of foreign economists during the first sixty years of this century, Bastiat was the most eminent, who maintained the complete harmony of the interest of the individual with that of the community. But, as a rule, they were much less thorough-going advocates of *laissez-faire* than English writers of the period. Within the last twenty-five years, however, a great change in the tone of the leading economists of this country is noticeable in their handling of this subject. There is an immense difference between the attitude of Jevons, Dr. Sidgwick, and Professor Marshall on the one side, and Fawcett, McCulloch, James Mill, and the chief earlier writers on the other. That train of economic thought which the Germans not infelicitously style "Manchesterthum" and "Smithianismus"—the advocacy of unlimited and uncontrolled freedom to individualistic enterprise—is no longer recognized as the orthodox school of Political Economy in England. It still possesses numerous disciples throughout the country, but it has ceased to be the dominant sect even in the field of economic literature; whilst the whole tendency of recent legislation both on the labour and land questions is in direct opposition to its precepts. And this result is certainly a great gain. The old assumption that the permission of free play to individual selfishness would always secure the maximum benefit to the community at large, was one of the most absurd and most mischievous superstitions that ever took possession of any Legislature.

Now, the criticism of socialistic writers, both German and English-speaking, has undoubtedly contributed much towards this change in economic opinion; and it is right to recognize the fact. The socialists have brought the problem of equitable distribution into the first place in economic science; and they have at the same time completely exploded the groundless assumption that the free pursuit by each of his own interest necessarily harmonized with the general good. They have proved to demonstration that large profit to the individual

may mean large loss to the nation ; and they have unquestionably established that government is under as strict obligations to protect the public against the rapacity of the private enterprise of its own citizens as against violent assault from a foreign foe.

Chapter xxii. of *Looking Backward* seeks to show that apart altogether from the ethical or social superiority claimed for socialism, that system would effect a far greater total production of wealth than the present régime. Although the chief contention appears to us to be untrue, and though the philippic against the present order contains a great deal of rhetorical exaggeration, yet the strictly economic arguments against uncontrolled *laissez-faire*, possess sufficient real force to justify us in citing some passages :

The wastes which resulted from leaving the conduct of industry to irresponsible individuals, wholly without mutual understanding or concert, were mainly four : first, the waste by mistaken undertakings ; second, the waste from the competition and mutual hostility of those engaged in industry ; third, the waste by periodical gluts and crises, with the consequent interruptions of industry ; fourth, the waste from idle capital and labour, at all times. Any one of these four great leaks, were all the others stopped, would suffice to make the difference between wealth and poverty on the part of a nation.

Take the waste by mistaken undertakings to begin with. In the nineteenth century, the production and distribution of commodities being without concert or organization, there was no means of knowing what demand there was for any class of products, or what was the rate of supply. Therefore, any enterprise by a private capitalist was always a doubtful experiment. The projector having no general view of the field of industry and consumption, such as our Government has, could never be sure either what the people wanted, or what arrangements other capitalists were making to supply them. In view of this, we are not surprised to learn that the chances were considered several to one in favour of the failure of any given business enterprise, and that it was common for persons who at last succeeded in making a hit, to have failed repeatedly. If a shoemaker, for every pair of shoes he succeeded in completing, spoiled the leather of four or five pair, besides losing the time spent on them, he would stand about the same chance of getting rich as your contemporaries did with their system of private enterprise, and its average four or five failures to one success.

The next of the great wastes was that from competition. The field of industry was a battlefield as wide as the world, in which the workers wasted, in assailing one another, energies which, if expended in connected effort, as to-day, would have enriched all. As for mercy or

quarter in this warfare, there was absolutely no suggestion of it. To deliberately enter a field of business and destroy the enterprises of those who occupied it previously, in order to plant one's own enterprise on their ruins, was an achievement which never failed to command popular admiration. Nor is there any stretch of fancy in comparing this sort of struggle with actual warfare, so far as concerns the mental agony and physical suffering which attended the struggle, and the misery which attended the defeated and those dependent on them. Now, nothing about your nineteenth century is, at first sight, more astonishing to a man of modern times than the fact that men engaged in the same industry, instead of fraternizing as comrades and co-labourers to a common end, should have regarded each other as rivals and enemies to be throttled and overthrown. This seems like sheer madness, a scene from Bedlam. But more closely regarded, it is seen to be no such thing. Your contemporaries, with their mutual throat-cutting, knew very well what they were at. The producers of the nineteenth century were not, like ours, working together for the maintenance of the community, but each solely for his own maintenance at the expense of the community. If, in working to this end, he at the same time increased the aggregate wealth, that was merely incidental. It was just as feasible and as common to increase one's private hoards by practices injurious to the general welfare. One's worst enemies were necessarily those of one's own trade, for, under your plan of making private profit the motive of production, a scarcity of the article he produced was what each particular producer desired. It was for his interest that no more of it should be produced than he himself could produce. To secure this consummation, as far as circumstances permitted, by killing off and discouraging those engaged in his line of industry, was his constant effort. When he had killed off all he could, his policy was to combine with those he could not kill, and convert his general welfare into a warfare upon the public at large, by cornering the market, as I believe you used to call it, and putting up prices to the highest point people would stand before going without goods. . . .

Apart from waste of labour and capital by misdirected industry, and that from the constant blood-letting of your industrial warfare, your system was liable to periodical convulsion, overwhelming alike the wise and unwise. I refer to the business crises at intervals of five to ten years which wrecked the industries of the nation, prostrating all weak enterprises and crippling the strongest, and were followed by long periods, often of many years, of so-called dull times, during which capitalists slowly regathered their dissipated strength, while the labouring classes starved and rioted. Then would come another brief period of prosperity, followed in turn by another crisis and the ensuing years of exhaustion. . . .

One of the main causes of these misfortunes was the lack of any common control of the different industries, and the consequent impos-

sibility of their orderly and co-ordinate development. There was no criterion in the nineteenth century, such as our present organized distribution gives us, of the relation of supply to demand; and the first notice that it had been exceeded in any group of industries was a crash of prices, bankruptcy of producers, stoppage of production, reduction of wages, or discharge of workmen. . . . Finally, another great cause of your poverty was the idleness of a great part of your capital and labour. With us it is the business of the administrations to keep in constant employment every ounce of available capital and labour in the country. In your day there was no general control of either capital or labour, and a large part of both failed to find employment. There was no time when, if security could have been guaranteed it, the amount of capital devoted to productive industry could not have been greatly increased.

Much of this trenchant criticism of the *laissez-faire* system is perfectly valid against the optimism of such writers as Bastiat. But we need scarcely observe that this fact does not establish the superiority of socialism in the field of production. The system of to-day contains many defects, and we must not shut our eyes to them, but the advocate of socialism has not merely to expose the flaws in the present *régime*; he must prove that his own scheme is, on the whole, distinctly better.

Perhaps the most important subject of all is that treated in chapter xii.—the creation of stimulus to diligence. Yet, it seems to us the weakest in the book. The most obvious, and at the same time one of the most serious objections that can be urged against the practical working of socialism, is the difficulty of securing an equally efficient incentive to labour, when that of self-enrichment has been extinguished. Now, Mr. Bellamy does not appear to have adequately realized this fact. At all events, the account he gives of the machinery by which public spirit is manufactured must seem, even to an enthusiastic socialist, very feeble and unsatisfactory.

The reward for special merit in the new *régime* is promotion to higher official rank. The share in the material produce of the nation's industry is exactly equal in every case, but the honours and distinctions, the positions of rank and authority in the army of industry and in the nation, are allotted to men and women according to their comparative diligence, or brilliancy, or achievement, to the end that the fittest may lead and rule, and all be encouraged by the hope of honourable distinctions to do their best. The men who make up the industrial army are re-graded yearly, so that merit never need wait long to rise

nor can any rest on past performance, unless they would drop into a lower rank. In addition to this grand incentive to endeavour to be found in the fact that the high places in the nation are to be won only by high-class men, there are inducements of a minor order in the form of special privileges and immunities in the way of discipline, which the superior class men enjoy. Even the rank and file of the army are subdivided into classes of ascending rank, so that this incentive emulation is open to all. In cases of deliberate idleness the author informs us that the new republic will be very severe :

As for actual neglect of work, positively bad work, or other overt remissness on the part of men incapable of generous motives, the discipline of the industrial army is far too strict to allow of much of that. A man able to do his duty, and persistently refusing, is cut off from all human society.

As, however, elsewhere in the book we are told that prisons have long since disappeared, we presume that these outlaws cannot form a numerous class. But even emulation is not deemed to be a proper stimulus for the nobler sort of men of the twentieth century :

They find their motives within, not without, and measure their duty by their own endowments, not by those of others. And so long as their achievement is proportioned to their powers, they would consider it preposterous to expect praise or blame because it chanced to be great or small.

We have endeavoured to afford our readers as complete and impartial an account of the socialistic state, described by Mr. Bellamy, as we could : we will now proceed to examine into its feasibility. Before doing so, however, we would premise that we do not intend to enter into criticism of many of the minor discrepancies and internal contradictions of the new scheme. These are by no means few in number, or unimportant in character. Still, apparent deficiencies in detail can never be held to show the impracticable nature of a plan of which the leading principles are sound. Advocates may justly argue that the flaws will be corrected by experience, and it is certainly unfair to condemn beforehand a vast social system because the literary account of it seems to reveal many small hitches which would interfere with the efficient working of the scheme. Cardinal Newman has remarked that the British Constitution

is "one of the greatest of human works," yet it would be a comparatively easy task by a *priori* reasoning to demonstrate on paper that it is an unworkable machine; and every critic who has dealt with the subject, from Burke or Blackstone to Freeman and Bagehot, have called attention to the multitude of inconsistencies which have got embedded in our system of government. The solution of the difficulty lies in the facts that the great fundamental principles of the Constitution are sound and rational, whilst the bulk of the nation have much respect for moderation in thought and argument. If, then, the socialist could prove that the vital organs of his body-politic were capable of performing their proper functions, he might appeal to future practical experience for curing trivial maladies.

Our opposition, however, is not to the accidentals, but to the essentials of socialism. And our first and most fundamental objection concerns the point last treated of in our sketch of *Looking Backward*—the question of adequate incentive to effort in the new system of society as conceived by all modern socialists.

Some opponents of socialism speak at times of such a form of life as absolutely impossible. This is a complete mistake. Not only socialism, but the most thoroughgoing communism has been practised in the Christian world for over fifteen hundred years, and from its cradle have come forth many of the noblest characters that have adorned the history of the human race. From St. Antony in the fourth century to St. Ignatius in the sixteenth, and again on to the holy authors of religious congregations in the last hundred years, many of the most admirable men the world has ever seen have been founders of thoroughly communistic societies. Socialism is, therefore, not absolutely impracticable. But is it feasible?

Now, having been a socialist, or rather a communist pure and simple, not in theory, but in actual fact, for a good number of years past, it has often struck me as odd that both the advocates and the opponents of socialism devote so little care to study the specimens which they have before their eyes. If they carefully examined the concrete instances of successful communism, which are presented to them in the religious orders of the Church, they would obtain a much firmer grasp of the real problem.

These orders are unquestionably communistic societies; for, in the first place, apart from obedience and special reverence

due to persons occupying positions of authority, they recognize equality amongst all the members of the body ; in the second, whatever wealth these members possess belongs to the corporation as a whole ; and, thirdly, the sustenance, clothes, means of recreation, education, &c., supplied to these members is distributed on the principle of universal equality. Several of these orders have continued to flourish during many centuries ; they have given to the world scores of great and saintly men ; and they have secured a peaceful, happy, and sinless existence to as many thousands. What, then, it may be asked, are the special qualifications of these bodies on which their success as socialistic organizations depends, and how far are they within the reach of mankind as a whole ?

This brings us at once to the capital defect of Mr. Bellamy's commonwealth—the absence of efficient stimulus. The communistic orders of the Church are, to begin with, *voluntary* organizations ; and in the second place they are inspired by a peculiar *motive power* to which secular socialism would certainly not lay claim. Every man who enters a religious order does so of his own free-will ; and, what is not less important, he *stays* there of his own free-will. He may, of course, be bound by vow, but still he is not coerced to remain ; he does so deliberately. The constituent members of a religious order are, therefore, men who freely prefer the communistic method of life, who can give it up if they choose, and who, if they prove hopelessly unsatisfactory members, can in the last resort be dismissed by superiors. But in the socialistic commonwealth, conceived by Mr. Bellamy or Mr. Gronlund, this is not the case. No man has the power to choose whether he shall belong to such a society or not. Every human being, whether he have a vocation for this mode of life or not, is compelled to adopt it. He never has during the whole course of his life any real choice about the matter. He is born into this state, and there is scarcely any better alternative than death if he attempts to leave it. Clearly, then, this one fact alone shows that the difficulties attending compulsory or State socialism would be enormous in comparison with those of a voluntary religious organization. In the former case, every man, woman, and child in existence is compelled, whatever be his character, talent, or disposition, and whether he like it or not, to become a partner with every other member of a socialistic state ; in the latter case, the corporation consists of a small select body of men with a special

vocation for common life, who enter and remain by their own deliberate choice.

But this first difference between the compulsory socialism of the State and the voluntary communism of the religious congregation only introduces us to the real difficulties which beset the former in the matter of incentive to an industrious life. When the disciple of St. Dominic enters the Order of Preachers, he is impelled to do so by the love of God and the hope of a heavenly reward. And these powerful motives sustain him through all the trials and sacrifices that common life necessarily involves. But it is scarcely necessary to observe that these are incentives which the socialists of the present day are not likely to invoke. Yet it is only by frequent meditation of these motives, by periodical retreats, by prayer, by spiritual reading, and by exhortations, all directed to the same end, that the religious can keep his soul braced up to the high standard of self-sacrifice that the communistic method of life exacts in order to be even tolerable. Mr. Bellamy speaks as if the mere appropriation by the State of the productive capital of all its subjects would thereby change their nature. He teaches that if Government forbids private commercial enterprise, and by universal conscription coerces all men and women into a huge industrial army, then self-love will disappear, and universal philanthropy take its place.

This doctrine is not peculiar to him; it is an essential feature of all recent constructive socialism. Yet, surely, it is an utterly baseless illusion. Surely, it is absurd to imagine that human nature can be thus completely changed. Socialism requires as a necessary condition complete suppression of self, abiding charity towards all our associates, and intense devotion to the public good. These virtues do not come naturally to a man even when he enters a religious order; still less would they do so in an atheistic or secular communistic state. Every member of a religious congregation, every student of ecclesiastical history, nay, every reflecting man, must see that such dispositions can only be acquired and retained by continuous mortification of our natural tendencies and passions. But constant mortification is made possible only by prayer and the grace of God. The commonwealth described by Mr. Bellamy or Mr. Gronlund would be the very last place where self-abnegation would be likely to universally flourish. The goal of man's existence they hold to be temporal happiness; the good of

life, pleasure, and enjoyment. Constant self-sacrifice, we need hardly remark, is not a likely offshoot from such a stock.

The idea of the author that the gradation of men in ascending orders of distinction, and the conferment of higher official posts, would in the main supply the needed incentive to diligence, is amazing for its disregard for actual fact. According to his scheme, every member of the State from the mechanic or agricultural labourer to the engineer, artist, surgeon, or historian, who has devoted rare talents during a long life of labour to make himself perfect in his calling, will receive exactly the same remuneration so far as the comforts and luxuries of life are concerned. The only, or almost the only difference will be the acquisition of certain ribbons, and promotion to more responsible offices, and therefore as a rule to more arduous duties. In the present *régime* it is quite true that the higher official positions are eagerly sought after; but then, the accompanying increase in salary is a very important factor in the case. If, for example, the situation were reversed and the higher posts carried less pay, would the desire of promotion remain the same? We do not of course pretend to deny that decorations of honour and marks of public esteem are, at least when of a rare character, highly prized; but their attractiveness diminishes in geometrical progression as they become common. Any one who has experience in teaching, will testify that whereas the competition for the first few places in a large class may be very keen, the honour of being twenty-third is felt to exceed but infinitesimally that of being thirty-fifth in a class of forty—apart at least from the question, whether change is upwards or downwards. And when a boy has been oscillating for some years between these two positions—which would virtually be the situation of the great mass of citizens in the socialistic commonwealth—the motive force of the desire for the higher rank will be very faint.

This one argument, the erroneous idea of human nature, from which all communistic writers start, alone demonstrates the impracticable character of State socialism, but we hope in a future number to reinforce this consideration by others of not less weight.

MICHAEL MAHER.

The Work of the Bollandists and its latest Developments.

THE history of the Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum* forms a unique chapter in the record of literary enterprise. There have been other undertakings besides this, it is true, as for instance, the great *Histoire Littéraire de la France*, which have flourished, have been suppressed, and after many years have been resumed again. There have been other works of equal or even greater bulk. The *Patrology* of the Abbé Migne, for example, must contain a mass of printed matter at least four times as great. But there is none which can look back upon so long and so honourable a history, none which has given to the world such a wealth of admirably-edited historical material, none which has preserved its continuity and its traditions through so overwhelming a catastrophe as that which a century ago befell the *Acta Sanctorum* and its editors. For scholars of all nations and all opinions, the progress of the great work is a matter of real interest, and the honoured name of "Bollandist" is a pass-word before which locks and bolts fly open in almost every library and muniment-room in Europe.

It may not be unwelcome, therefore, to the readers of THE MONTH to set before them a brief account of the history of this venerable institution, and in particular of the vigorous offshoots which have recently been grafted upon it. The *Analecta Bollandiana* and the *Catalogue of Paris Manuscripts*, the second volume of which latter has just appeared, though subsidiary to the main work of the Bollandist editors, are both important undertakings. There can be no better evidence that Father de Smet and his colleagues have not degenerated from the lofty thoughts of their ancestors, than the valuable bye-products, if we may so style them, of their incessant labour, which they have given to the world in the course of the last few years.

At the present moment, then, the *Acta Sanctorum*, the great

Bollandist collection of the lives of the Saints, consists in the original edition of sixty-one folio volumes, the first two of which were published more than two centuries ago, in 1643, the last in 1887. In these are comprised the saints of rather more than ten months, from the first day of the year down to the 3rd of November, though the volumes are not very evenly distributed over that space. Thus, all January is crowded into two volumes, while thirteen are devoted to the single month of October, only recently completed. On the other hand, the rate of issue may be considered to have been fairly uniform when we remember that the number of Fathers engaged upon it has varied at different periods from two to five or six. Before the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773, fifty volumes had appeared in one hundred and thirty years, giving an average of nearly three years required for the preparation of each volume. Since the work was recommenced in 1838, the intervals, owing to causes which will be alluded to later on, have sometimes been considerably longer.

It has just been said that the first volumes of this great collection were published in 1643, but we should do wrong to suppose that the work is in no sense older than this. For the original idea and conception of the *Acta Sanctorum* we must go back to the last decade of the sixteenth century, when at the College of Anchin, forming part of the University of Douai, the young Belgian Jesuit, Heribert Rosweyde, was completing his course of philosophy. It was about the time when the English College was transferred back again thither from Rheims. The persecution in England was at its height, and the air was full of stories of the heroic sufferings of the martyrs, some of whom could hardly fail to be well remembered both in the town and in the University. Even to those not immediately concerned, Douai, the rendezvous of the English seminarists, must have suggested something of the ambulance of an army during an engagement, where troops keep passing through to the front, and glimpses are caught every now and then of the pale sufferers brought back wounded from the battlefield. They were stirring times for the soldier of Christ, "an age of Saints," Cardinal Bellarmine very justly said of them; and it is perhaps not extravagant to conjecture that the young scholastic may have had his interest first kindled in the stories of saints and martyrs by the scenes going on

around him. For himself, as a Belgian, the struggle was one in which he could take no part, but he could steep his mind in the conflicts of the champions of a remoter age, and help to advance God's glory by making them better known. However this may have been, the seed was then sown of what proved to be the vocation of a lifetime. During the weekly holidays, which the other students spent in expeditions into the country, Rosweyde found rest from his severer work in visiting the old monastic libraries of the neighbourhood, ransacking them for unpublished lives of saints and acts of martyrs. Of these he made a huge collection, adding to it continually during the years in which he was employed as Professor of Philosophy and of Scripture, and thus by degrees there began to take shape in his mind the idea of a complete hagiography on a grander scale than anything hitherto known.

In 1608, Rosweyde printed a small work called *Fasti Sanctorum*, &c., in the Preface to which he for the first time fully develops the scheme of this great undertaking. According to this, the whole was to be comprised in eighteen folio volumes, three were to be devoted to our Lord, our Blessed Lady, and the festivals of the year; the lives of the saints, printed from original MSS., would fill twelve more, one volume for each month; and the remaining three, as he proposed, might be set aside for notes, martyrologies, indexes, and other miscellaneous matters. The times were hardly ripe for so bold a literary venture, and it was criticized somewhat severely. "God bless the man! How old is he?" exclaimed Cardinal Bellarmine when the programme was explained to him, "does he expect to live another two hundred years?" As might have been expected, the plan was not approved by his religious superiors, and Rosweyde dutifully submitted, though he still clung to his idea. Even at the age of sixty he believed that if he were allowed to begin printing the lives of the Saints at once, he might complete them, at the rate of a volume a year, before he was seventy-two. But the Provincial and his advisers shrank from so formidable an undertaking, and Rosweyde went to his grave without even a beginning having been made. At his death, his books were carried off and distributed on the shelves of the library, his transcripts and other materials, which to the last he had assiduously collected, were thrown in a heap on the floor of a lumber-room, and it became a matter of

serious deliberation whether they should ever be looked at again, or should be used as waste paper to light the fires of the community. Fortunately, an erroneous idea prevailed as to the state of preparation for the press in which the work had been left. Father John van Bolland was sent to examine the mass of documents, and it was thought that in the spare hours which were over from his ordinary work, he might find time to edit and publish what was most valuable in the labours of his predecessor. But it was only after a considerable interval that even Father Bolland realized, and that imperfectly, the magnitude of the task which he had undertaken. By that time he had gone too far to draw back. The Provincial demurred a little, but he thought it better then to make at least a beginning, rather than to allow the labours of so many years to be wholly wasted.

For us at the present day who are quite familiar with the idea of a literary undertaking of which the founder can only hope to see the commencement, leaving the completion to posterity, it is hard to realize how wildly extravagant such a project must have seemed in the eyes of the prudent Jesuit Provincial of the seventeenth century. Most assuredly, if either Father Bolland's Superiors, or Father Bolland himself, had had the slightest inkling of the truth, not a sheet of all those piles of manuscript would ever have seen the light. But Providence held their eyes, and in 1643 were given to the world the first-fruits of forty years of preparation—two stout folio volumes, containing, with suitable indexes, all the saints of the month of January. It was thought that on this scale twenty-four such volumes would complete the whole year. "When these are published," Father Bolland says in his Preface, "there will still be need of several supplementary volumes for the Greek text, chronologies, and other miscellaneous matters," of which he gives a long list, "and at the end of all," he continues, "if there be time to spare, I shall hope to employ my old age in gathering up the practical precepts of holiness in which these Lives abound."

Thus does man propose. Father Bolland, though he was sixty-nine when he died, only lived to see five volumes completed of the work to which he gave his name, and already that need of more extensive investigations had been felt, which sent his two earliest associates on a long pilgrimage to search the libraries of Europe for fresh material. It was

the forerunner of many similar journeys in after-times, and on this first occasion the foundations were laid of those intimate relations with all the great scholars of Italy, Germany, and France which have never been interrupted down to our own days. Wherever they went, Fathers Henschen and Papenbroek were received with the most generous enthusiasm. The Pope conferred upon them the unique privilege of examining and copying whatever manuscripts they desired in the Papal libraries and archives, and they bore away with them from Rome as the fruits of a nine months' stay, more than seven hundred transcripts. In this way the whole conception of the work, while it still adhered closely to the lines laid down by Father Bolland, became gradually enlarged, and before very long the folio of over a thousand pages which at first had sufficed for the saints of half a month, was found barely sufficient for the adequate treatment of three days.

And thus the work went smoothly on under its successive editors until the last quarter of the last century, volume succeeding volume with admirable regularity. Of the contents of the volumes, of the masterly dissertations from time to time incorporated in them, of the mine of information they afford on every point of ecclesiastical antiquity, I must forbear to speak for the present. Let it be sufficient to cite the judgment of the Protestant Leibnitz that "if the Jesuits had produced nothing but this work, that alone would be a sufficient reason for their existence, and would entitle their Society to our esteem." It would be easy to quote a hundred similar testimonies from equally unprejudiced sources.

That their work was appreciated and regarded as a national concern which even temporal rulers made it a point of honour to maintain, was brought home to the Bollandist Fathers in a very satisfactory manner by the pension paid to them by the house of Austria, within whose dominions their residence at Antwerp lay. In 1688, the expenses of publication began to be felt as a heavy burthen on the resources of the Province and on private benefactors, and an appeal made to the imperial court for assistance was met with very generous promises. The execution of these was delayed at the outset, but on a second appeal the annual payment of two thousand florins (nearly £150) was made with unfailing punctuality for more than seventy years. The gratitude of the Fathers for this imperial patronage was displayed in the fine series of portraits of various

members of the Austrian royal family, with the accompanying dedications, which adorn the *Acta* through thirty-five successive volumes.

For over one hundred and thirty years the little community of Bollandists had lived their busy lives undisturbed in the professed house at Antwerp, when in 1773 there came upon them the terrible blow of the suppression of the Society of Jesus. Not only was it the tearing up by the roots of all their deepest attachments, but for all that men could then foresee, it was the death-knell of their work. There are few episodes in literary history more touching than the narrative of their patient efforts during the years that follow, and it is difficult to resist the temptation of lingering over the details. But the barest outline must here suffice. The Empress Maria Theresa was sincerely anxious that the work of the Bollandists should be continued. The Government of the Netherlands opposed the plan upon every pretext they could devise. However, the Empress remained firm, and towards the end of the year 1777 the "Committee appointed for the affairs of the late Jesuits," to whom the matter had been entrusted, had to give way. Grudgingly, and under the most aggravating restrictions, they accorded permission to the ex-Jesuits, Fathers James de Bue and Cornelius de Bye once more to make use of their own confiscated books and manuscripts, and to proceed with their work. Father de Ghesquières, the other remaining Bollandist, was pronounced too turbulent a spirit to be allowed to take part in it. Neither were they to gather round them any more Fathers of the old Society to assist them in their labours. Otherwise, the association of Bollandists, it was alleged, would become a mere nucleus of Jesuitism. Finally, they were to take up their residence in a monastery, and provide for the future continuance of the work by training up some of the young religious. Amid many delays and difficulties and vexatious interferences, these instructions were in the main carried out. Three more volumes of the *Acta* were eventually published in the twenty years that followed the suppression, and the two former Bollandists were to some extent assisted in their preparation by new recruits, one a Benedictine Father, and three others, Premonstratensians. On the accession of the Emperor Joseph the Second, matters had gone from bad to worse, they had been told to bring out a volume every year, and to complete the whole work in ten years. This was tantamount to a direct

edict of suppression, and the end would have come at once if the wealthy abbey of Tongerlo had not nobly and generously come to their assistance by making itself responsible for the whole undertaking. They entered into an agreement with the Government, purchasing the whole Bollandist collection, and the Fathers were installed with their printing press in a wing of the monastery, the monks of which, it was intended, having been trained by the surviving Bollandists, would carry on the series to its completion. This must have been to them a haven of rest after the turmoil which had preceded, but its duration was brief enough. In 1796, the Government of the French Republic decreed the suppression of the monasteries of Belgium; the religious found themselves homeless outcasts, and the Bollandist collections were broken up and dispersed.

Forty years expired before any serious attempt was made to resume the work thus left incomplete. The old Jesuit editors were long dead, and the one surviving Premonstratensian of those who had taken some part in preparing the last volume, was an old man living in retirement, and far too advanced in years to render any assistance. However, after much discussion and many preliminary negotiations, the restored Society of Jesus, at the instance of the Belgian Government, consented to undertake the prosecution of the work. A great part of the manuscript materials belonging to the old Bollandist "museum," including some hundred pages of matter already prepared for the ensuing volume, was providentially recovered, a prospectus was drawn up in 1838 appealing to the scholars of Europe for support and assistance,¹ and eventually, in 1845, the seventh volume of October in two parts, was published at Brussels, and received with acclamation. Since then seven other volumes have already appeared, and an eighth is approaching completion. Perhaps this may seem to those unacquainted with the circumstances of the case but a slender result for the labours of fifty years, but in reality it would be difficult to speak too highly of the patient industry which has carried the Belgian Jesuits through a succession of difficulties under which any other undertaking would have succumbed. These obstacles have been of the most various kinds, dispersion of materials, lack of funds, difficulties with publishers and printers, political disturbances, and

¹ *De Prosecutione Operis Bollandiani quod Acta Sanctorum Inscritbitur.* Namurci, 1838.

above all, the ravages of death among their own associates. Upon this last head a few words should be said.

When the publication of the *Acta* first began in 1643, the whole of the remainder of the century witnessed the death of two only of those associated with the work, that of Father Bolland himself in 1665, and that of Father Henschen in 1681. Indeed, the next Bollandist to fall out of the ranks was Father Papenbroek, in 1714; so that in the space of seventy-one years the undertaking lost the services of only three of the Fathers engaged upon it. Contrast with this the record of its losses in the present century. The first volume of the continuation appeared in 1845, and since then no less than eight successive members of the little association have departed this life, several of whom had not even reached middle age. Some of the losses thus sustained are nothing less than irreparable,¹ and in the interval which followed the publication of the 12th vol. of October, in 1867, every one of the Fathers engaged upon the work was carried off by death, so that its successor had to be brought out by entirely new hands. No wonder that seventeen years elapsed before it issued from the press. What renders this and similar calamities so exceptionally disastrous, is the fact that the skilled hagiographer is a highly-finished product only perfected by years of study and practical experience, and which consequently cannot be replaced till time has allowed some fresh recruit to be trained or train himself to fill the vacancy. The Bollandist cannot limit his studies to any one particular period or locality or institution, he is bound, so to say, to be a specialist in every department of ecclesiastical

¹ Two of these deaths were especially deplorable, both of young Fathers under forty years of age, at the very beginning of their career as Bollandists. Father de Tinnebroek, who died in 1855, was one of those universal geniuses of whom the world sees but one or two in a generation. Young as he was, and in spite of the fact that he had made the full studies of the Society in philosophy and theology with eminent distinction, and had moreover as a scholastic compiled the greater part of the huge *Life of St. Theresa*, which nearly fills the 7th vol. of October, he had yet found time to acquire more than twenty languages, including Sanskrit, Armenian, and Arabic; he was an excellent mathematician, a profound student of ancient liturgies, and withal ardently devoted during all his priestly life, whenever opportunity afforded, to works of the ministry. Abstruse studies seemed to him a positive recreation, and in the very latest stages of the consumption which carried him off, he only varied his exercises of piety by the perusal of a whole library of works on Armenian grammar. Father Matagne, whose death in 1872 was equally premature, was an Orientalist of great promise. He had copied for the Bollandists a large number of Syriac texts at the British Museum, but the valuable transcripts thus collected were very shortly afterwards left, alas, for other hands to edit and elucidate.

history, covering a range of eighteen centuries. The task seems almost to transcend human capacity; and it becomes more formidable every year, for our historical materials, like our modern artillery, have now grown so vast and complex as to threaten to overwhelm us. We can only trust that the means of manipulating them, our apparatus of indexes and calendars and dictionaries, may go on improving in the same proportion. Men have imagined machinery so perfect that a child could work our heaviest guns,—perhaps when all our materials are arranged and classified, the writing of history will be as simple a task. But we are a long way from that as yet.

To come back to our Bollandist Fathers, it should be noted that if they are likely to profit by the labour-saving apparatus and improved organization of modern historical research, they have themselves in this respect been by deed and example our greatest benefactors. At an age when alphabetical indexes of any sort were comparatively rare, and good alphabetical indexes almost unknown, Father Bolland equipped his *Acta* with that four-fold series (the Index Historicus, Topographicus, Onomasticus, and Moralis), which have ever since been maintained, and without which this vast storehouse of mediæval chronicle would be a pathless wilderness. His successors have been true to the old traditions, and it is precisely this same instinct of order and method, joined with the desire to facilitate labour for all who come after them, which has produced of late years the two important undertakings we have next to chronicle.

The dispersal in 1796 of the old Bollandist "museum," the name by which their vast collection of books and manuscripts was currently known, has taught a sad lesson to those who now have to continue their work. Although a good deal of what was then scattered, papers more especially of a personal character, has happily found its way back to the hands of their successors, and although a still larger part of their old treasures are accessible to them in the public libraries of Brussels and the neighbouring cities, there is also unfortunately a large remainder never yet traced which has been lost or destroyed. Partly, therefore, with the object of providing against the accidents to which manuscripts are always liable, partly with that of supplementing in some measure the imperfections of the earlier volumes of the *Acta*, the Bollandists, in 1882, started a periodical publication, appearing four times in the

year, under the name of *Analecta Bollandiana*. In this are printed a great variety of documents connected with the lives of the saints, which it seemed specially desirable to rescue from the chance of destruction or which are of exceptional utility and importance. To all who possess the series of the *Acta Sanctorum*, or even to all who take an interest in hagiographical studies, the *Analecta Bollandiana* are not less important than the original *Acta*. Indeed they have special recommendations of their own. Admirably printed and of a convenient 8vo size, the texts are given for the most part without any bewildering apparatus of learned commentary, while prefatory matter is kept as far as possible within narrow limits. Acts of the martyrs in Greek or Syriac are printed with a Latin translation at the foot of the page. Documents in English, Irish, and other languages, studies by specialists not belonging to the Bollandist ranks, are not excluded. Thus at the present moment the celebrated Abbé Ulysse Chevalier is publishing in its pages, with a separate pagination, a gigantic *Repertorium Hymnologicum*, containing in alphabetical order of first-lines a complete list of all the Latin hymns of which he can find record. It may be noted also that the English student will find in the *Analecta* a large number of documents illustrating in some way the history of the British Isles. We might mention for example in the volumes already published—the *Miracle Book of Holywell* in English, kept in the seventeenth century by the missionary, Father Layton; a slightly altered text of Chauncey's account of the Carthusian Martyrs, the *Miracula* and the *Vita Sancti Swithuni*, the important series of documents on St. Patrick, edited by Father Hogan, S.J., in Latin and Irish, from the *Book of Armagh*, as also the Lives of several Armorico-British saints, like St. Winwaloc, St. Pol de Leon, and St. Sampson of Dol. In the course of the ensuing year may be expected among other interesting matter an early unpublished Life of Blessed John Fisher, edited by Father Van Ortoy, from a manuscript in the British Museum, as also a third Greek version (from Paris MS., 1540) of the story of St. Abercius, of whom some account was given in this Review a few months back.

In the early numbers of the *Analecta* a considerable amount of space was occupied by annotated catalogues of the hagiographical manuscripts of various public libraries of Belgium. This work taken up by the Bollandists is most important, indeed indispensable to facilitate the progress of the *Acta* for themselves and for their successors. At the same time the

results were very bulky and threatened to swamp the other contents. Thus the catalogue of the Brussels MSS., separately paged, fills two stout 8vo volumes. When, therefore, the work of cataloguing saints' lives was begun in connection with the great national library of Paris, it was decided to print the catalogue separately in book form. This is the second important work, referred to above, which the Bollandists have recently undertaken, and I propose to conclude this paper by giving some brief account of it. The second volume has only just appeared.

It might not unnaturally be supposed that a catalogue of the manuscript treasures of a great library would have little interest for any but those who frequented it, or at best for a small circle of bibliographers and historical specialists. But it would be a great mistake to regard the Bollandist *Catalogus Codicum Hagiographicorum*¹ in the light of a mere dry list of the manuscripts and their principal contents. All available information is given as to size, date, previous ownership, &c., but, like the *Analecta* and the *Acta* themselves, they are replete with interest even for the uninitiated. The editors have gone through codex after codex, not merely glancing at its lettered title and list of contents, but laboriously scanning page after page, noting its date and origin, and collating at least roughly the text before them with other texts previously known or published. When new and original matter presented itself they have often printed for us the entire narrative, extending over many pages, in fact more than half the bulk of their volumes is made up of such extracts. In other cases the results of their labours appear in the noting of omissions and curtailments, a contribution to our knowledge which in some cases proves of unexpected importance. Let me give here two illustrations of the sort of interest in which these two volumes of the catalogue abound.

The first will not need many words. Two or three years back Father Grisar, S.J., then Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Innsbruck, published in the *Zeitschrift für katholische Theologie*, an interesting article on the Life of Gregory the Great, attributed to Paul the Deacon. This narrative, although of no great length, is of exceptional interest as the earliest

¹ *Catalogus Codicum Hagiographicorum Latinorum antiquiorum seculo xvi. qui conservantur in Bibliotheca Nationali Parisiensi.* Bruxellis: Rue des Ursulines 14. Vol. i. 1889, vol. ii. 1890. It will be noted that the editors have so far confined their attention to the Latin MSS. only.

biography of the great Pope (or so at least it was thought till recently)¹ which antiquity has preserved to us. Father Grisar in examining some of the best manuscripts containing it at Monte Cassino, had noticed that a not inconsiderable portion of the hitherto received text was wanting in the earlier copies. He extended his researches to many other Italian manuscripts of the life, and succeeded in proving to his satisfaction that the omitted paragraphs were later and unwarrantable interpolations. Now we are able to see that this theory receives further confirmation from the recent catalogue of which we are speaking. In two or more of the copies of the life there described (*e.g.*, the very early codex 2076 and also 2993 A) the editors note "Num. 17 valde contractus est et prætermissi sunt nn. 18—27" —these being exactly the omissions which Father Grisar had called attention to in the Cassinese MSS.² The question of the genuineness of this passage is particularly interesting because it contains the earliest versions of the celebrated legend of St. Gregory releasing from Hell the soul of the Emperor Trajan, an episode seriously discussed by St. Thomas in his commentary on the *Book of Sentences*, and immortalized in the *Purgatorio* of Dante.³

Our second illustration is of a rather different character. Those who have rambled about the beautiful cliffs of the Lizard Point in Cornwall, may remember to have been struck by the existence in that somewhat lonely neighbourhood of two parishes called Ruan Major and Ruan Minor, whose churches are hardly more than a mile or two apart. They are dedicated to a certain St. Rumon, Ronan, or Ruan, of whom we have many other traces in the South-West of England. His remains, we are told by William of Malmesbury, were enshrined at Tavistock Abbey, and his name appears in an early calendar of Exeter Cathedral. Father Stanton, in his admirable *Menology of England and Wales*, gives the following account of him :

St. Rumon, or Ruan, was a native of Ireland, and a Bishop, it is said, who came to Cornwall to end his days in holy solitude. He chose a cell in a certain forest in Cornwall, which then abounded in wild beasts. In this spot he devoted himself to his pious practices, and in

¹ The doubt here expressed refers to the claim of the late P. Ewald to have discovered a still older Life not yet published.

² Is it an oversight that no omissions are indicated in MS. No. 10863? The Life, to judge from the paging, seems to occupy a very small space. If the interpolated passage is really contained in this MS., the interpolation must have arisen shortly after the time of Paul the Deacon.

³ St. Thomas in lib. iv. *Sent.* dist. xlv. quest. 2, art. 11, *Purgatorio*, x. 73.

God's good time was called to his Heavenly reward. About the year 981, when Duke Ordulph had completed the monastery at Tavistock, which his father had begun, the relics of St. Rumon were solemnly translated to that church and were there nobly enshrined. He was regarded with great veneration, as one of the special patrons of that foundation.

Now it seems to have been assumed here and elsewhere that this Bishop is identical with the St. Ronan honoured in Brittany; a holy man of whom we do not know much, but who, it may surprise some people to learn, enjoys the distinction of being the patron saint of M. Renan of the French Academy.¹ At any rate the few details given in the Menology coincide with those of the Life of the Breton St. Ronan, who came from Ireland to "Cornubia," lived in solitude in a forest, and was there molested by wild beasts. Perhaps it was not unnatural to identify Cornubia with Cornwall, especially when his retirement among the Dumnonii was subsequently mentioned. But in the Paris MS. 5275 the Bollandists have found a Life of St. Ronan hitherto unedited, which they have printed in full in their *Catalogus*, and which leaves no doubt, if any existed before, that the Cornubia of St. Ronan's hermitage was Cornouailles in Brittany, and that this Saint certainly did not visit Great Britain in his life-time. Moreover, the narrative clearly shows that the body of St. Ronan still remained in France at the time the Life was written, though part of his remains at least, in fear of the plundering Norsemen, had been removed for safety to another shrine at Confluentia. Could these relics then have been translated to Tavistock in 981? Of course the obvious suggestion may be made that we have here to do with two different saints, but this is a solution which must not be adopted too hastily. We meet the names of many of the Breton saints besides St. Ronan, in the same district of Cornwall, *e.g.*, St. Winwaloc, St. Sampson, St. Briec, St. Corentin, some of whom at least had never lived in that part of the country; and it is impossible to suppose in every

¹ So at least M. Renan told the members of the Cambrian Archaeological Association, who paid him a visit a year or two since in his Breton home. "Ces bons vieux saints de Bretagne, tous d'origine galloise ou irlandaise, sont ma grande dévotion. Je n'aime pas beaucoup les saints modernes, je l'avoue; ils sont trop intolérants. . . . Ces saints portent tous de beaux noms gallois ou irlandais et sont contemporains des siècles de l'émigration. Vous connaissez mon patron saint Renan, sous sa vraie forme *Ronan* (Locronan, les eaux de Saint-Renan, &c.). C'était un Irlandais, un grand original." *Archæologia Cambrensis*, April, 1890, p. 171. We can only hope that the good Welsh archaeologists were properly impressed by the breadth of M. Renan's tolerance.

case that there were two individuals bearing the same name, one in England and one in Brittany. Besides we have traditions of actual translations from Brittany, as in the case of St. Sampson from Dol to the Abbey of Middleton, in Dorset.¹ The old law, one of those called by the name of St. Edward the Confessor, "*Qui de Brittanica minori veniunt, recipi debent tanquam probi cives regni hujus, quoniam exierunt quondam de corpore regni hujus,*" is eminently suggestive of a considerable immigration from Brittany back into England again.² But we must confess that the whole question of the relations of the south-west corner of England with the opposite coast during Saxon times is full of interesting problems which the Lives in the *Analecta* and in these catalogues materially help to illustrate.

And now in bringing this imperfect sketch to a close it must be remembered that the work here referred to by no means represents all the contributions of the Bollandists, whether in a collective or in a private capacity, to the domain of letters. Nothing has here been said of the volume of lives of the early Scottish Saints, edited by them for the Marquis of Bute, nothing of such valuable monographs as that of Father de Smet on the organization of the early Christian Church in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* a year or two back, nor of the work done by Father Van den Gheyn, in the *Revue des Religions*, or as Professor of Sanskrit in the Catholic Institute at Paris. Meanwhile the preparations for the next volume of the great *Acta* are going on continuously and expeditiously, and it is hoped that its publication will not now long be delayed. The elaborate Life of St. Charles Borromeo, which will be one of its principal features, and for which materials have been collected in many parts of Europe, is already looked forward to with the keenest interest. For Catholics and non-Catholics alike the Bollandist *Acta Sanctorum* is a great historical institution, and there is no one who will not heartily wish success to its indefatigable editors in this and in all their other undertakings.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ *Pont.* ii. § 85. A still more noted example is that of the translation of the body of St. Judocus from Ponthieu to Winchester. See *Liber de Hyda* (Rolls Series), p. 82.

² There is a Litany printed in Haddan and Stubbs' *Concilia*, vol. ii. p. 81, which is well worth noticing in this connection. With its long list of Celtic saints and its prayer for the *clerus and plebs Anglorum*, it looks as if it had been composed for a Breton community living under Saxon rule.

Irish Worthies of the Sixteenth Century.

FATHER RICHARD DE LA FIELD.

AS Father Thomas Field was for some years the sole representative of the Society in Paraguay, so was his namesake, Richard De la Field,¹ the only Jesuit labouring in Ireland about the same time; of his five companions one was hanged, another escaped hanging by going into exile, and two more were in prison in the Castles of Wisbeach and Dublin. He was chosen as Superior of the Irish Mission of the Society at a most critical time. His predecessor, Father Holywood, was captured and imprisoned for four or five years in London and in the Castle of Wisbeach, and a man of great prudence and capacity was required to fill his place. Such a man was Father De la Field, who in his day rendered immense service to religion. Of his life previous to his appointment I can give but scanty details, since, notwithstanding repeated attempts, I have failed to get access to a volume of documents in our Roman archives, which contains an account of his career written by Father Holywood.

From his name and from his intimate relations with the gentlemen of the Pale, and especially of Dublin, I gather that he was a native of the city or county of Dublin. The name was long established in that county—John De la Fielde held land *in capite* from King Richard the Second, and left it for ever to the clergy of Chapel-Isolde, which is now called Chapelizod; another of the name owned some property near Lusk at the end of the sixteenth century; and there was at the same time a "man of name" in the county, called "Field of Corduff,"² while among the merchants of Dublin in 1614 there was a Richard De Lafield.³ The name is at present Field, yet a Major De la Field figured in the late American War.

¹ His name is variously written, De la Feldius, De la Fildius, Fildius, Filde, Field.

² *Description of Ireland in 1598*, p. 38, Edited by E. Hogan, S.J.

³ *Inquisitionum Cancell. Hib. Repertorium Jac. I.* 17, 32; Car. I. i.

Richard De la Field was attending the Jesuit College at Paris before September, 1579. He was then a priest and was said to be a man of gentle blood (*presbyter nobilis*). This appears from a list of nineteen Irishmen attending the Paris Colleges of the Society of Jesus, which the Nuncio Dandino got in 1579 from an Irish Jesuit, who was then living in one of these Colleges, and was most probably Father Richard Fleming, whose life we have already sketched. The Nuncio wrote twice to Cardinal Como in the interest of Irish students. He says: "I am asked by one of the Jesuit Fathers here, who is an Irishman, to let the Holy Father know that some of his countrymen are come here to study, being forced to leave Louvain and Douay on account of the tumults in Flanders; and to beg of His Holiness to establish and maintain a small house for twelve of them in Rome, . . . or at least to send help in money hither if the Pope does not wish to found a College. . . . The Irish Jesuit Father knows them all, as countrymen and as frequenters of the College, and he has given me a list of nineteen of them, which I enclose."¹ In 1593, Father De la Field was at the University of Pont-à-Mousson with the Irish Fathers Fleming, Archer, and Holywood.²

In the month of January, 1599, Father Holywood, recently appointed Superior of the Irish Mission S.J., was captured at Dover and imprisoned for four or five years in London and in the Castle of Wisbeach. On the 17th of April the General of the Society, through Dr. Christopher Cusac, Founder and President of the Irish College of Douay, sent a letter to Father De la Field ordering him to take Father Holywood's place. He reached Ireland some time before the 1st of September, and wrote several letters from Dublin to Rome, of which I propose to give some extracts, after having made some preliminary remarks, which may not be unnecessary.

This Jesuit was born and bred in the heart of the English Pale, he had lived out of Ireland for twenty-five or thirty years, and consequently knew personally little or nothing of the motives of the Fifteen Years' War, the end of which he witnessed; he kept absolutely aloof from the Irish Catholics with whom Elizabeth was at war, lest he should be suspected of treason, and thus lose his influence with the

¹ See the two letters at p. 718, vol. ii. of Canon Bellesheim's *Geschichte der katholischen Kirche in Irland*.

² Roman Archives S.J. *Anglia*, 1590—1615, p. 121.

nobles, gentlemen, and others of the Pale, whose Catholicity he endeavoured successfully to confirm and uphold against the inroads and assaults of heresy; and living under the shadow of Dublin Castle, where one of his subjects was confined as a prisoner, he reported, without first trying to test them, the false stories circulated in the Pale about his other two subjects, to whom was confided an arduous and dangerous mission among the Irish princes, lords, chieftains, and people, who had souls to save, as well as the gentlemen of the Pale.

The report he heard about Brother Collins was unfounded, as we have already seen. The story that Father Archer was wounded and maimed by an Irish soldier is improbable, and reminds one of the tale told to the Blessed Edmund Campion by a Dublin gentleman to show how credulous the *meere Irish* were, viz., that St. Patrick had recently got his head broken by a blow from St. Peter's Keys while he was trying to introduce an Irish galloglass into Heaven. Moreover, Father De la Field, in a subsequent letter, shows his great esteem for Father Archer, whose presence in Ireland he declared to be a matter of absolute necessity.

As to the motives of the Irish War, the Jesuit was also deceived by his friends of Dublin. He admits that the reason put forward in his time was the defence of the Catholic Faith; O'Neill always declared that he was fighting for the faith of his countrymen. The Earl of Desmond, when preparing for the war in 1580, thus addressed his soldiers: "Our rulers, ever since they renounced the Catholic religion, scorned to regard the nobles of this land who have remained true to the Catholic faith. . . . Before Heaven, we are trampled upon by a gang of mailed marauders who hold us in contempt. Look to the sacred Order of your priesthood: is it not despised by those innovators who have come amongst us to punish and banish the rightful owners from their time-hallowed possessions. . . . Rights are despised, and liberty is a mere catchword, the civil administration is in the hands of spies, hirelings, and defamers, and, *what is more deplorable than all, we are denied the right of professing and practising our religion openly*; heresy is making rapid encroachments, and we are called upon to do homage to those base-born churls who in the Queen's name mock and spurn us."¹ Twenty years later, on the 14th of March, 1599, just when Father De la Field was coming to Ireland, another

¹ Cardinal Moran's *Archbishops of Dublin*, vol. i. p. 115.

Earl of Desmond wrote: "They content not themselves with all temporal sovereignty, but by cruelty, they desire our blood and perpetual destruction, to blot out the whole remembrance of our name together with our old Catholic religion, and to make us swear that the Queen of England is the supreme head of the Church."¹ Hence Father De la Field's opinions must be taken with caution. He was a worthy man, prudent, cautious, charitable, and zealous, and he rendered immense service to the Catholic faith in Ireland, and he must not be blamed for holding ideas which were those of the world in which he lived and moved.

On the 1st of September, 1599, Father De la Field wrote to Father General: "Father Holywood is still in prison; he would be set at liberty if he bound himself by oath to persuade his countrymen that they may fight for Elizabeth against the Irish who are in arms. We beg your Paternity to let us know what answer we are to give to those who ask advice from us on this point, as the priests here seem to be divided in opinion. My view is that, though religion is alleged as the motive at present, political interests were alone put forward in the former rebellion as they call it."² Father FitzSimon labours strenuously in the vineyard of the Lord, attracts numbers to himself, has founded a Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, by which he stimulates many to the practice of piety, and has recalled several from the paths of vice. We beg of your Paternity to sanction this Sodality and to grant it the Indulgences given to other congregations of that kind. When this Father is in the city he never dines without six or eight guests, when he goes to the country on his missionary excursions, he rides with three or four companions. I have not yet heard from Father Archer; but I have been told that he was badly wounded by a soldier whom he not only by words, but by blows, endeavoured to deter from evil doing. I have written to him about this matter. Many leading men here have been converted to the Catholic faith,³ priests who have been detained in prison for some years have been released. In all the battles and encounters up to this, the Royal army has been worsted by the Irish, and, wonderful to say, the very English confess that the very moment they come before the Irish, they lose heart and fling away their arms.

¹ Desmond's Letter of March 14, 1599, in *Hibernia Pacata*.

² See my preliminary remarks.

³ By Father FitzSimon, E.H.

The Viceroy has just left with five or six thousand men to fight a battle with the Earl of Tyrone, who is eagerly awaiting him. We know not what the issue may be, but pray that God may give victory to those who uphold the just cause."¹

On the 7th of Septembr, 1599, Father FitzSimon wrote to the General: "I have got your Paternity's letter appointing Father De la Filde in the place of the prisoner. I cannot express to you how glad I was to receive it, as I was afraid you would not think this vineyard worthy of your attention, on account of its perpetual infelicity or on account of the wickedness of our enemies. There are so many joining our faith, that in one day I received four Englishmen into the Church, three of whom were men of distinction. Extraordinary things are thought to be at hand. Father De la Filde is the fittest of all to be at the helm; but we want fervid and active men to carry on our work with success."²

The new Superior writes from Dublin on the 20th of July, 1600: "Your Paternity should not be astonished at receiving so few letters from us. The letter-carriers are few, and the merchants who go to Spain and France will take no letters without previously reading them. I send to your Paternity Father Archer, the bearer of this letter. He will give you the fullest information concerning all that is done in this country. He has been a source of light and help in our work here, he has always lived with these Irish lords who are endeavouring to promote the interests of religion, and, in consequence, he is the object of the intense hatred of the Queen's officials and army, while at the same time his presence is very necessary for the advancement of the Catholic faith in these calamitous times. It is important that he should be sent back to us as soon as possible, accompanied by many others, as he, with one or two Fathers, will be wanted to teach, instruct, and keep from the various excesses and vices, to which they are addicted, those rude people who are indeed nominally and in a general way fighting for the Faith, but in their lives and manners are far removed from Christian perfection. Other Fathers will be required for this more civilized part of the kingdom, and, please God, their labours will not be without fruit, as we have found by our past experience since nearly all our countrymen are most willing to receive and preserve the true Faith. Father Archer will inform you fully about Father FitzSimon, who was

¹ *Hibernia Ignatiana.* ² *Life and Letters of Father Henry FitzSimon, S.J.*, p. 49.

kept in close custody for two months, but now is not imprisoned so strictly as before. Of Father Holywood we have heard nothing since he was transferred from London to the prison of Wisbeach, and we have lost all hope of his release during the reign of the present Sovereign. It is commonly reported that His Holiness has renewed Pius the Fifth's Bull of excommunication against the English Queen and her adherents, and that the Bull has been published by the Bishops of Ulster and Connaught. If it should reach us here, many minds will be disturbed on account of the difficulty of acting according to it, and many gentlemen even now ask what is to be done in such a case. If they obey it, they shall have their property confiscated and their persons condemned for high treason; if they do not act in conformity with the Bull, they will incur the censures of the Church, and be deprived of the sacraments and of Mass, a thing which to them will seem worse than death. I should like to know from your Paternity how I shall answer that question, which seems to touch matters of State.

"There is great hope of the re-establishment of the Catholic religion as a consequence of the successful issue of the war. In nearly all encounters the Catholic army has obtained the victory, and new reinforcements are expected from Spain; and it were to be wished that His Holiness would give his influence and help to further this business. Wherefore I have thought it worth while to mention some ecclesiastical benefices, which, if His Holiness conferred them on us, would help the Society to erect colleges in this kingdom. These are (1) the Monastery of St. Thomas, Martyr, near Dublin, worth £550 Irish, a pound being equal to 2½ crowns; (2) the Monastery of the Blessed Virgin, near Dublin, worth per annum £463; (3) the Monastery of St. John the Baptist, outside the new gate of the city, £156; (4) the Monastery of All Hallows, near Dublin, where the heretics have built a splendid college, is worth £84; (5) the Priory of Holm-Patrick, near the sea, worth £69, would make a country house for the students of our colleges. I commend to your Paternity Mr. Robert Lalour, who goes with Father Archer; he is a good and pious man, and most devoted to our Order, who has great influence in the ecclesiastical concerns of this kingdom, and yet seeks our advice as much as is in his power."¹

In this letter Father De la Field says nothing of his own

¹ *Hib. Ignatiana*, p. 68.

imprisonment or capture. Yet we are told by Jouvancy in his *Historia Societatis Jesu* that "Father De la Field was an active and prudent man; his sermons, conversation, and counsels were much sought by Catholics and even heretics and schismatics; his fame and credit set the spies in motion, and caused his capture and imprisonment while he was walking in the streets of Dublin. Not long after his imprisonment Father Archer was called to Rome by the Sovereign Pontiff to give an account of the state of religion in Ireland." Father De la Field's friend, Robert Lalour, who was Vicar-General of the dioceses of Dublin, Kildare, and Ferns, was also cast into prison in 1606; and though he there acknowledged the King's supremacy in *temporal causes*, he was tried under the statute of *Præmunire*, and for holding communication with Rome was sentenced to be hanged, and thus was added another name to the martyrs of Dublin.¹

In response to the foregoing letter Father General sent Fathers Leinich, Morony, and Lenan to his assistance, and, as appears from a memorandum,² he intended to send back Father Archer as soon as he had fulfilled a mission which he had confided to him concerning the interests of the Irish Colleges on the Continent. But from two Spanish letters of Father Leinich's,³ it appears that the Superior, not having got an answer from the General concerning his doubts, was on the point of going to Rome to lay important matters before Father Aquaviva when he was persuaded by the new-comers to remain at his post. He kept two of the Fathers at or near Dublin, and sent Leinich to give a roving mission among the gentry and the villages, which had very consoling results, as this zealous priest withdrew many from their evil ways of living, heard many confessions, catechized the old and the young, and ministered to the wants of many. This Father also had the consolation of getting access to Father FitzSimon in his prison, and of finding that he was full of courage and of conformity to the will of God, and that he was converting some schismatics and heretics, and solving many cases of conscience that were submitted to him.

In February, 1603, Father De la Field writes to the General: "For *four years* I have not received any letters from your Paternity, and in consequence I was resolved to go myself, or

¹ Cardinal Moran's *History of the Archbishops of Dublin*, i. p. 29.

² *Hibernia Ignatiana*, p. 80.

³ Written on the back of a letter.

send some Father to Rome. But, on consultation with my *confrères*, it was thought better not to deprive the mission of its head or of any of its members, who are so few. We are only five in this kingdom. Fathers Morony and Leinich are working zealously in West Munster, Father Lane and myself devote our labours to Leinster; but the zeal of all extends itself to other parts of Ireland where an opportunity presents itself. The fifth, Father FitzSimon, is still held captive, but is not in chains or strict keeping. Our efforts are chiefly directed to confirm the Catholics in their faith, to bring back to the fold any whom we find to have fallen away, and to extinguish mortal enmities and discords between many leading men. With what fruit we have laboured in this vineyard is evidenced by the bearing of the Catholics when under examination by the English authorities. When the Privy Council thought the war was nearly at an end, and when the Spanish forces were last year defeated at Kinsale, and the power of the Irish Lords was broken, they appointed sixty "spiritual commissaries" to look after the ecclesiastical concerns of sixty regions of the kingdom. They began with Dublin, the metropolis, ordered the churches to be renovated and elegantly furnished with pews and seats, divided the city into six parishes, and by threats and promises urged the people to frequent their churches. As they could not get a single Catholic to go to their profane temples, they named a day in every week on which the faithful, whom they call recusants, should appear before the commissaries, some of whom are Privy Councillors. They first attacked the aldermen or members of the Corporation and then the common people, and asked them individually would they or would they not frequent their churches and listen to their sermons. All refused, and gave as their reason that the faith of their fathers and the Catholic religion forbade them to do so. They were insulted, calumniated, accused of high treason, of favouring the Spaniards, and were threatened with imprisonment unless they obeyed the Queen's laws. When the English found that the first whom they grappled with bore their imprisonment with alacrity, they threatened to impose a fine of £10 for every abstention from the Protestant church on Sundays. The prisoners bear their captivity with patience, the others refuse to pay the fines, and deny that they can be legally compelled to pay them.

This attitude of the Dublin citizens has given heart to the

people of the other cities and towns, and to the gentlemen of the country who reside in castles, so that they will show the same constancy in defending the old faith, should an attempt be made to tamper with their religion. But, please God, that attempt will not be made,¹ as the more prudent of the commissaries deem it not just, chiefly in such troubled times, when a Spanish invasion is feared, to fine so severely for their religion a people devoted from the cradle to the Catholic faith, or, as they say, to "Popish ceremonies." Meanwhile, the Irish lords are raising troops, and are leading their army into the open field. Father Archer two or three times was an intermediary between the Irish and Spaniards, but he had not consulted us in the matter; but as for us who live among the more civilized subjects of the Queen, seeking the salvation of souls, we dare not communicate with the Irish who are in arms, lest our name of Jesuits, already sufficiently detested by the enemies of the Cross of Christ, should, if touched with the taint of rebellion, become execrable in the eyes of honest men. . . .² We are sadly in want of priests here; there are many indeed of pious and simple lives, but few qualified by their learning to teach the faithful otherwise than by good example. The people are docile, and show great respect to a priest, especially if he be a man of some learning; for this reason they respect and venerate our Fathers, and even suspect that every learned priest, who comes from beyond the sea, is a member of our Society. I wish your Paternity could realize the state of things here, and as a consequence send a reinforcement of labourers into this vineyard."³

After the death of Elizabeth in 1603, Father De la Field wrote to Father Holywood at Brussels, that the gentlemen of Ireland were ready, if the occasion required, to risk their fortunes, liberty, and lives rather than allow their consciences to be any longer exposed to the machinations of heresy. In this year, 1603, he himself, in spite of his loyalty, ran some risk of being captured and perhaps hanged. On the 29th of June, he and his companion were with Dr. White, Vicar-Apostolic of Waterford, when Dr. White was summoned to appear before Morison, the English commander of the garrison

¹ Father De la Field was mistaken, as we shall see further on.

² Here he tells a false story about Brother Dominic Collins which we have refuted already.

³ *Hib. Ignatiana*, p. 109.

of that place, who sent his soldiers to arrest him. These Fathers persuaded him to seek safety in flight. The Vicar was pursued by the priest-hunters from Waterford to Clonmel, and from Clonmel to Waterford, where, on the 13th of September, meeting with Father Leinich, S.J., they took him to be Dr. White, whom he resembled, and about midnight they, with three companies of soldiers, went to the Vicar's house, and threatened his servant with instant death unless he told them where his master was concealed. On the 23rd of July, 1603, Father De la Field had an agreeable surprise in Dublin such as had his namesake in Paraguay.¹ On that day he paid a visit at the house of a friend, and, finding two priests there, he saluted them courteously. The owner of the house whispered to the two strangers (Fathers Wall and O'Kearney, S.J.), that the visitor was Father De la Field, and, as they wrote to the Father General, "You may fancy what mutual embraces and agreeable conversation we had together. We remained a week there, and were every day invited to dine by gentlemen who gave us the most cordial welcome. Then we went with De la Field to visit Father Lenan, with whom we spent three days. We tried to see Father FitzSimon, but, as he is strictly guarded in prison, we could not do so, yet we were able to get a letter conveyed to him which filled him with consolation."²

¹ See *supra*, Life of Father Thomas Filde.

² *Hibernia Ignatiana*, p. 136.

*Lux Mundi: The Christian Doctrine of God.*¹

IN a former number we discussed the first essay in the *Lux Mundi*, the now notorious book which has caused such tension among the ranks of Anglicanism, and is said to have saddened and perhaps shortened the last days of its greatest preacher. That first essay was on the *Nature of Faith*; the one which follows next in order is on the *Christian Doctrine of God*. This second essay is from the pen of Canon Aubrey Moore, an Anglican leader of great promise, whose premature death, since the publication of his contribution, is matter for sincere regret. All that was said in our previous article in recognition of the excellent purpose and earnest endeavours of these essayists needs to be repeated with particular reference to Canon Moore. We are obliged, however, unfortunately, to renew our former protest against the obscurity of the language in which the argument of these essays is embodied. Perhaps obscurity is hardly the word to use in the present case. Canon Moore's style, from a literary point of view, is sufficiently plain, but he cannot have obtained a clear and firm grasp of his thought, and at all events, he places his readers in a serious difficulty by his persistent habit of alluding to his meaning instead of stating it. He seems to assume that his readers should have passed through exactly the same course of reading as himself, and be able to gather his meaning from the slightest intimation; surely a large demand in a philosophical essay, seeing how many and bewildering are the shades of philosophical theory. In dealing with a writer of this sort, one is always fearful of having failed to apprehend his ideas with precision, and always perplexed when there is a suspicion that the ideas are in themselves incapable of being distinctly fixed. All that one can do, is to weigh the author's words with much diligence

¹ *Lux Mundi: A Series of Studies on the Religion of the Incarnation*. Edited by Rev. Chas. Gore. Essay 2. *The Christian Doctrine of God*. By Rev. Aubrey Moore, Hon. Canon of Christ Church, &c. John Murray.

and with a single-minded intention to do them justice, and then disclaim responsibility for any misapprehensions of his argument into which one may have fallen. It is in this spirit and with this endeavour we enter upon our present criticism.

Mr. Aubrey Moore commences his discussion of the Christian Doctrine of God, with the caution, that he is considering not whether God is, but what God is. He is not proposing to investigate what he calls "the so-called proofs of the existence of God." His purpose is "to show what the Christian idea of God is, and how it has grown out of the antagonisms of earlier days, and then to ask what fuller realizations of God's revelation of Himself is He giving us through the contradictions and struggles of to-day." There are two distinct sources, he tells us, whence the idea of God is obtained by man. One is the religious consciousness, the other is philosophy. Each of these agencies has had its history and development, during the course of which it has been gradually purified and matured, and the mode of purification has been largely through the temporary antagonisms developed out of their mutual interaction. Philosophical speculation has brought forth ideas which have seemed for the time incompatible with the religious beliefs of the day, and, men being peculiarly tenacious of their religious beliefs, sharp conflicts have arisen out of the presumed antagonism. The eventual result of these conflicts has been in some cases a surrender on the part of religion, and in some a surrender on the part of philosophy. More frequently, however, it has been the discovery that the antagonism was removable as soon as each had learned to define its own requirements with more precision.

Although at the outset only these two sources of belief are assigned, lower down in the essay conscience is tacitly introduced as a third, and certainly the dictates of the moral conscience must be held to contribute towards the formation of a sound idea of God. The writer has thus three sources to deal with, and he next endeavours to determine what elements in the contribution of each are genuine and valid, an endeavour which resolves itself into one to determine what elements in the utterance of each are persistent. For Canon Moore adopts Mr. Spencer's criterion, "that the only ultimate test of reality is persistence, and the only measure of validity among our primitive beliefs the success with which they resist all efforts to change them."

The persistent element in the religious consciousness is declared to be *personality*. Religion demands an object of worship, and such an object must be personal. "Religion, then, properly and strictly, and apart from extension of the term made in the interests of a reconciliation, assumes a moral relationship, the relationship of personal beings, as existing between man and the object of his worship. When this ceases, religion ceases: when this begins, religion begins."¹

Beyond this it is alleged, if we understand our author rightly, that the religious consciousness does not go. He says distinctly, that provided its gods be personal, religion is indifferent about their number. In the same manner he seems to imply that religion, as such, is indifferent about the morality of its gods. All it can ascertain from its own original and unborrowed contents is that man is dependent on some Personal Being, or beings, who is, or are, above him, and to whom worship is due from him. Round this primitive and persistent persuasion, however, accretions may gather, which, although really parasitical, can come to be accounted by the religious consciousness as its own offspring. It is out of these accretions that the antagonisms and conflicts arise when the voice of the religious sense is met by the voice of the growing conscience and the voice of advancing philosophy. It is these which perish in the encounter, and by perishing remove the sole obstacles in the way of the re-establishment of the concord into which the underlying and persistent elements of the religious consciousness are always able to enter with cordiality.

As religion, in this strict sense, is said to abstract from all conditions in its object save personality, so conscience is said to require only that the absolute supremacy of morality shall be recognized, and philosophy in like manner to require only the means of reducing all its conceptions to an ultimate unity; neither conscience nor philosophy caring whether the ultimate unity be personal or impersonal.

On this basis Canon Aubrey Moore founds the main proposition for which he contends. In the course of their history and development, conscience and philosophy have both made large progress towards maturity, with the result of addressing to the religious idea of God for the time being successive challenges of the sort explained. The result has been the gradual formation of a doctrine of God which fully answers

¹ P. 65.

to the demands of all the three ; and the doctrine able to effect the reconciliation has proved to be the doctrine peculiar to that religion which in its earlier stages was the religion of Israel, in its later the religion of Jesus Christ. Taking the religion of Greece as the most favourable instance of a religion external to the one named, he places it and the other in contrast as regards the historical outcome of the conflict between the three independent forces. The religion of Greece perished as soon as conscience and philosophy began to put on strength. The religion which culminated in the Christian revelation came out of the fire more confirmed and established than ever, with conscience and philosophy transformed into its contented allies. Why the difference? It was because the latter, and only the latter, found within itself a satisfying answer to the perplexities and seeming contradictions by which minds were harassed. When conscience, growing strong, protested at length against the iniquity of paying worship to gods who were but men writ large, and bad men too, Greece could not divest its gods of their human passions and defects without discarding them altogether. But Israel from the first had declared its God to be the very fountain of the purest morality. And not this only. It had set forth its God as One who loved men, as One therefore whom they could love and trust as well as fear, and who would impart to the faithful observance of the moral law the ultimate reward of supreme happiness. To this length went even the religion of the Old Testament. That of the New went far beyond, and established a new relation between God and man, declaring God to be one with man through the Incarnation. And in like manner, when philosophy put its questions, Greek religion stood confounded, but Christianity discovered in its own consciousness the very answer which was required. Philosophy asked for a God who should be absolutely One, and could not see how a God absolutely One, could be at the same time personal. Philosophy asked also for a God who should be immanent in the universe, and failed to see how such a God could meet the indispensable requirements of religion, and transcend the universe. Then Christianity drew forth from its treasures the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity, and was able to show that in this doctrine which it had received independently was contained the solution of the newly-felt difficulties.

This doctrine was accordingly pressed by the great

Fathers of the first Christian centuries upon their own generation, and this it is which needs to be pressed again now, when speculation, drifting away from Christianity, has relapsed into its old perplexities, and once more protests, exactly as in earlier days, that absolute unity is incompatible with personality and immanence with transcendence. Such is Canon Moore's argument. The earlier portion concerning the attitude of the religious to the moral sense does not seem to require any very special consideration, and we pass it over. The latter, in which the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity is offered as the key to the philosophical puzzle, we now propose to consider carefully. But we must first say a word about the nature of the religious consciousness in itself, and try to establish the validity of its assertions on a firmer basis than that provided for it by the essayist. In doing this we shall to a certain extent be on the same lines as in our former article, and yet not on quite the same lines. Whether the author would identify "faith" as defined by Canon Scott Holland with "religious consciousness" as defined by himself, it is difficult to say. The two certainly seem to run together. For us, however, the two names represent exercises indeed of the same faculty, but exercises which are quite distinct in themselves.

There is no solid ground for the assignment of any faculty within us of apprehending intellectual truth save the intellect itself: and the modes of exercise of the intellect are these three, intuition of propositions immediately evident, inference therefrom in conformity with the laws of thought, and assent to the testimony of witnesses known to be trustworthy. The "religious consciousness," except in so far as it is the intellect assenting to the voice of the Divine authority when revealing, is simply the intellect reasoning from the phenomena around to the existence and character of their ultimate cause, and deducing in further consequence the appropriate practical duties which arise out of the perceived relationship between man and the First Cause of his being. What Mr. Moore calls "conscience" is again the intellect deducing from the nature of things the distinctions between right and wrong. And philosophy is nothing more than this self-same intellect reviewing its own instinctive processes and assigning to them in the light of careful reflexion a more exact definition of their meaning and limits. If then the religious consciousness is found, as conscience is also found at times, in apparent antagonism to philosophy, the antagonism

is between two different modes of applying the same faculty to the task of inference from the same primary principles. In some respects the scientific reasoning of philosophy will draw sounder inferences than the instinctive reasoning of the same faculty which constitutes what are misleadingly called the "religious" and the "moral" senses. Scientific reasoning endeavours to conceive and express all its ideas with the nicest accuracy in verbal statements. It then reasons from what it can write down in formal propositions. This is an advantage, but it carries with it a corresponding disadvantage. Perfect conception and perfect power of expression is not readily, and in some cases not at all, attainable by man. Hence the terms employed and fixed by writing become insufficient and ambiguous, and the way is prepared for inferences which will be defective because based on too broad or too narrow premisses. On the other hand, instinctive reasoning, whilst it has a great disadvantage in the far greater want of power to express its conceptions by concise definitions, is thereby freed from the danger of getting caught in its own inaccuracies of language, and continues to draw its inferences in all simplicity from the thought as it is in the mind instead of from the external inaccurately worded propositions. When, through this difference of procedure, a conflict arises between instinctive and scientific reasoning, the preference in the first instance would seem due to the scientific procedure. But a sure ultimate test is the persistency of the instinctive procedure, where it is found to exist and to maintain itself against the antagonism of its rival. For the real interpretation of this persistency is the force of the objective evidence. The scientific procedure cannot adequately express the elements out of which it is compounded, and is distracted by its misleading definitions into false inferences.

Meanwhile the evidence goes on addressing itself to the instinctive procedure and refuses to be set aside, with the result of persistent recognition on the part of the latter. "I cannot answer your syllogisms," is its language addressed to philosophy, "but I feel convinced you are wrong." And though it may not always be able to say so, the strength of its conviction is due not to intellectual obstinacy but to the intense light of the evidence with which it is confronted. An illustration of this danger which is specially appropriate is the uncertain grasp of the term *Relativity of Knowledge* by modern philosophy. Scientific reasoning, at least the scientific reasoning of modern

thought, perceiving that nothing can be known without so far forth entering into relation with the mind that knows, concludes that nothing can be known as it is in itself, so that the mind has no means of ascertaining what elements in its cognitions are objective, what subjective. Meanwhile the spontaneous reasoning persists in feeling confidence that it does know things as they are in themselves, at least to a certain extent, and in believing that there is some equivocation in the use of the word relation. Acting on this belief it continues in its Natural Realism, while modern philosophy, unable to express the distinction, is caught by the ambiguity and sinks hopelessly into some form of Idealism.

It follows as a corollary from the ground thus taken up that we cannot admit with Canon Aubrey Moore and so many others, that the "proofs" of the existence of God, to which the traditional appeal has been made, are not proofs but only verifications. It is with this expression of opinion that he winds up. He takes it to be the now recognized doctrine that the said "proofs" cannot be accepted as conclusive demonstrations; that is to say, that, although they are to be welcomed as corroborations and even necessary corroborations of the independent witness and immediate guarantee of the "religious consciousness," they can no longer be regarded as independent demonstrations able without other support to furnish a certain justification of assent. And he gives a rapid survey of the said proofs in order to point out what he considers to be their inherent flaws. If the religious sense is what we have described it, namely, the spontaneous operation of intellect drawing inferences from the phenomena in front of it, it would be suicidal to admit that the only proofs on the field do not amount to demonstration, and are only partial confirmations of truth otherwise independently certified. Nor is there any necessity for making so fatal an admission. The proofs are very good and sound proofs still, if only they are rightly understood, which unfortunately they seldom are. However, it would carry us too far afield to investigate these proofs now, so let us return to the question of main interest, whether Absolute Unity and Personality, and again, whether Immanence and Transcendence are thinkable together as coexistent Divine attributes; and whether any key to the possibility of uniting these seeming incompatibles in thought is furnished by the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity.

First, then, it is assumed that philosophy can only acknowledge a God who is absolutely One. It would be natural to let Canon Aubrey Moore expound to us himself the reasons by which he considers this truth to be established. But no suitable passage for quotation can be found in his pages, owing to his bad habit of dispensing with direct statement and merely alluding to his meaning. Apparently, however, his procedure is as follows. Reason finds itself confronted with multiplicity when it approaches the study of the world, and it is at once impelled to reduce all this multiplicity to unity. This it commences to do by classifying the various objects in conformity with their likenesses and differences, and it goes on ascending to higher and more comprehensive classifications. In this way it discovers to its own satisfaction that the Many issues out of the One, but it cannot rest content until it has arrived at a unity which is supreme and all-embracing. It is curious to notice that by this self-same reasoning some of our modern lights are led to the doctrine that God is unknowable. God, they say, transcends all classification, whereas classification is the very form of knowledge. You only know an object in so far as you can class it. However, in the present essay, we are meant to reach the opposite conclusion, that there must be a Supreme Unit, and afterwards from that stage onwards through the doctrine of the Absolute to the further conclusion that the Supreme Unit cannot admit within itself any inherent distinctions or compositions. The Supreme Unit must be the Absolute and the Infinite: the Absolute cannot be implicated in relations or the Infinite in limitations: whereas on the other hand relation and limitation are involved in all distinctions and compositions.

This reasoning we could not accept. The alleged immediate perception by the reason of an ultimate unity as the necessary condition of all existence seems to us quite unreal, and although there is less objection to the argumentative use made of the idea of the absolute, still even there the reasoning is rendered spurious through want of accuracy in defining the terms Absolute and Infinite, and their opposites. The only sound way of inferring the absolute unity of the Supreme Being is through the principle of causality followed by analysis of the idea of self-existence. By the principle of causality we are certified that since there are existent beings, there must be self-existent beings—one or many. By analysis of the idea of existence, we can then prove

that the self-existent must be One and Simple in its nature. However, as we are in accordance with Canon Moore as to the fact, we need not insist so much on the mode by which it is reached. A few words were indeed required, because it is desirable that a truth of supreme importance should not be imagined to rest only on grounds which are in themselves untenable. But these said, we may accept the conclusion and pass on to the further questions alleged to arise out of the doctrine of the Divine unity and simplicity, the question whether it can fuse with that other doctrine of the Divine Personality on which the religious consciousness sets equal if not greater store.

This problem, as we have seen, Mr. Moore considers to exist, and to receive its satisfying answer only in the Christian doctrine of the Blessed Trinity.

As the Trinitarian doctrine took shape, Christian teachers realized how the Christian, as opposed to the Jewish, idea of God, not only held the truth of Divine unity as against all polytheistic religion, but claimed reason on its side against all unitarian theories.¹

As we are still unable to quote from Mr. Moore any statement of the nature either of the difficulty or the solution, we must seek it elsewhere, and as readers will like to have, if possible, a statement from the lips of one belonging to the same intellectual camp as the essayist, we will quote from Canon Mason's *Faith of the Gospels*,² a work of recognized authority among Anglicans.

Plausible as that theory (Arianism) seems, it involves greater difficulties than the revealed doctrine (of the Trinity). Not only is the language of Scripture about the Son and the Holy Ghost unsatisfied by Arian explanations, but on serious reflexion, the *very notion of a personal God who is but one Person becomes, as a philosophy, impossible to rest on intellectually*. A man may fancy that he can think of such a thing, but he cannot really. It is, in fact, unthinkable. Sabellianism here lays itself open to the same charge as Arianism. For we are bound to think of God as containing in His own Being all that is needed for His own perfection. He must be self-sufficing. We cannot imagine Him depending upon anything outside Himself. Creation does not supply a void in the life of God, who must have been all that He now is before the world was, and can undergo no change or modification, for worse or better, by reason of contact with the world. Now, as far as we can understand, a solitary unit could have no perception at all.

¹ *Lux Mundi*, p. 91.

² Pp. 52—54.

Suppose a man to be born entirely without communion with the world around him, possessing indeed the faculties of sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell, but in some way sequestered from all objects on which to exercise those faculties, even the other parts of his own body being withdrawn from his sight and feeling. Suppose, further, that no intellectual or spiritual touch from outside were allowed to come near him, although the man was naturally capable of converse with intellectual and spiritual beings; in short, suppose such a one to be absolutely isolated from all other things in existence—is it conceivable that he should attain to consciousness of his own being, or, indeed, have any thoughts at all?

Still more difficult is it to reconcile the Arian position with the doctrine of the love of God. God is love. That is His essence. And love is not love without exercise. Until it finds an object, there is but a capacity for love, not love itself. If God, therefore, had no object for His love until He had formed a creature, then God had not always been love—is not love by Himself in His own nature, but only (so to speak) accidentally through the circumstances in which He finds Himself. And even now, if creation be the sole object of God's love, He cannot find in it adequate exercise for the whole of His love. There remains behind an infinite reserve of love, which can never be expended to the blessed satisfaction of God upon any existing thing which falls short of Himself. And if we say that before creation was, the infinite love of God was infinitely expended upon Himself, we cannot but feel that such an expression would be shocking to all our best instincts, if God is a single person. A monstrous selfishness is the only picture which such language could suggest. It can only be morally true to say that God loves Himself, if there be eternally within the Divine nature a real distinction of Persons whereby one Divine Person may lavish the infinite wealth of His love upon another Divine Person who is infinitely worthy to receive it.

Here we have two reasons for the doctrine that a personal God cannot be a unipersonal God, one drawn from the nature of knowledge, the other from the nature of love. As to the first, even if it were true that knowledge by its very essence needs to be aroused by contact from without and by the exhibition of contrasts, it does not appear how the mystery of the Blessed Trinity meets the difficulty, unless we are to expound that mystery in a grossly unorthodox sense. According to the orthodox doctrine, which is that of Mr. Moore and Mr. Mason's religious school as well as that of the Catholic Church, the distinction in the Blessed Trinity is exclusively between the personalities, and does not extend to the nature. Three persons, but absolutely one identical nature between the three, is the

orthodox formula. "Neither *dividing* the substance, nor confounding the persons." On the other hand, it is distinction directly affecting nature, not person, which Mr. Mason (unconsciously to himself) has in view when he postulates it as an essential condition of knowledge. If the being of one person cannot be apprehended by that person's consciousness except in so far as it is set off by the being of another person, evidently these two beings must be distinct, for otherwise there is no contrast. Contrast confined to the personalities and in no way extending to the natures would at best assist to knowledge of the personalities only, and must be held to drive the theorist into the absurd position of having to hold that the Three Persons in the Ever Blessed Trinity can have knowledge of the personalities in which they differ, but none at all of the nature in which they participate by identity. This, if we are to gather from Canon Mason's insufficient language that he postulates distinction as a condition of knowledge, so far forth as it involves a set-off between object and object, and between object and subject. If he means more, and deems contact from without to be necessary in order to arouse into actual exercise a consciousness which would otherwise remain dormant and potential, then still more would this contact involve distinction in nature, for such contact would be operation, and nature, not person, is the direct principle of operation.

From the side of Divine knowledge, therefore, the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity does not seem able to help Mr. Mason out of the difficulty which he has created for himself. But now let us consider how far the alleged difficulty is in itself real. What grounds have we for assuming that knowledge is possible only under the condition of contrast and of contact imparted from without on behalf of the contrasted object? We can see none at all. Of course, contrast is a most useful aid to knowledge. *Opposita juxtaposita lucescunt* is a sound and obvious as well as recognized maxim. But it is an aid required by minds only in so far as intelligence and discernment are weak in them. The more intelligent a man is, the more he can dispense with their aid, and there is at all events one case in which every man attains to an article of knowledge without it. Every man attains to the notion of *being*, and here there is no set-off in the world of realities with which he can contrast it. Not-being is pure negation: it is in the world of realities nothing. There are, indeed, particular kinds of not-being which he can observe

indirectly as defects in some real object: as, for instance, stoppage in a watch. But there the contrast is between some particular sort of being and its opposite; whereas we are talking of that indeterminate notion of being which abstracts from all the special sorts and kinds of being comprised in its logical extension. This, we say, is a notion which man has, and which he cannot have reached through the light of contrast, and on this ground alone we contest the soundness of Mr. Mason's reply, when, in anticipation of the protest against his reasoning, that he judges of infinite Divine existence by finite human existence, he says, "If it should at length burst upon our time that God is a monad, a unit, but aware, before all creation, of His own existence, cognizant of the fulness of His powers, we can only say that such a state of things would not only transcend our experience and thought, but it would contradict it." The instance just adduced of the notion of being shows that the discovery would not even transcend our own experience and thought in this particular, and why should it seem to contradict it? Knowledge is a representation to self of reality. This is a positive and absolute proceeding in itself. The reality to be represented may involve relations to other realities, and in that case the representation must extend to those other realities, at least under some aspects, before it can give a complete view of the first. But in so far as the reality to be represented is absolute, the representation needs not to travel beyond the confines of that reality. If we may make the comparison, you can take the photograph of one man and examine it, without needing to set by its side the photograph of others. If, indeed, you want to study family likenesses and differences, you must have all the photographs of the family together, and this may help you to direct your attention to more minute features in the photograph first examined, but you could have discovered them without the extraneous help, and had your mind been infinite, the obvious inference is that you would have discovered all and every feature, even the minutest, and with the most absolute accuracy.

We must not leave any corner of this difficulty undealt with. Does Canon Mason after all mean rather to lay stress on the fact that with us consciousness is developed by reflexion on earlier acts of knowledge the gaze of which was outwards? That is true of us, no doubt; but must we be so wooden as to be incapable of distinguishing the state of our self-consciousness

in itself and the mode by which it is evoked? The state is something discernible in itself; we discern it as bringing into the purview of self-knowledge the self and the act in which the self is engaged at the time, or the series of acts through which the self passes in succession. That there should be one abiding act or several, and that the one or several acts should be engaged with the representation of this or that external or internal, actually existing or only possible, object, all this is matter of detail which can be discerned as belonging, indeed, to the necessary conditions under which self-consciousness is realized in our particular natures, but as lying quite outside the essence of self-consciousness viewed in itself. Why then are we to be forbidden to conceive of the Divine self-consciousness as not involving these unessential conditions? Why may we not ascribe to God self-consciousness in itself on the ground that in itself it is pure perfection, and at the same time deny of Him the accompanying conditions found along with it in man, just because these, while outside the essence of self-consciousness, involve limitations derogatory to an infinitely perfect nature? Why are we Chinese-like, to be eternally burning down whole houses in order to get our roast-pig, just because the needful fire appeared in the form of a burning house on the first occasion which brought under our notice that delightful dainty?

To return now to the other ground on which the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity is alleged to deliver our rational concept of God out of hopeless dilemma. That God is love is the creed both of religion and philosophy; and love is not love without exercise. Yet how can there be adequate exercise of infinite love without a second infinite being on which it can expend itself? How can there be Divine love, except on the supposition of a plurality of Persons in God?

This time we have not at all events to complain of any unorthodox conception of the mystery. Love is directly and primarily between persons. It implies no distinction in nature, but only that distinction of persons which can be allowed. We can grant also that the mystery of the Blessed Trinity does assist us to a richer conception of the Divine Love. It enables us to find in God a more direct prototype of the social tie through which man rises to the highest and noblest expansion of his being. And here, returning for the moment to the previous point, we grant most readily and maintain that the mutual knowledge of one another which unites together the Three

Ever Blessed Persons is a thought, which, combined with this of their mutual love, sets before us a fuller and more vivid conception of the Divine Life. That has always been maintained by our theologians and preachers, and is quite distinct from the error we are attacking. This error is that without the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity we get entangled in inextricable impossibilities of thought as soon as we try to unite together the notion of a God who is One and Infinite with that of a God who knows and loves. That the notion of Divine knowledge leads to no such antagonism has been now shown, and a very few words will suffice to show that the notion of the Divine love leads to none either. We have two propositions to deal with; one, that self-love is a vice not a virtue; the other that love is not love without exercise. Now in regard to the first, self-love under due conditions is not a vice but a virtue. To have self-love is to wish well to self, and, if need be, to work for the proper maintenance and development of one's own life, and again to feel gratification at the possessions of one's own personal excellencies. All this is right as long as it keeps within due bounds and wrong when it oversteps them. What misleads and acquires for the name of self-love an evil reputation is that in man, on account of his excessive propensity to overstep the bounds and love himself with excess and at the expense of the dues of others, the use of the name has become practically confined to the excesses and is hardly applied to the actions and emotions which fall within the legitimate sphere of the impulse. The invention, for scientific purposes, of the term "self-regarding" by the side of the term "selfish," and the assignment of a category of "self-regarding virtues" is a witness to the truth that there can be a self-love which is rational and not "selfish." And if there can be a rational self-love, then there can be a rational infinite self-love in an infinite being and infinite gratification at the secure possession of infinite perfection; and so monstrous selfishness is not the only picture which could be suggested to us by the statement that "before creation the infinite love of God was infinitely expended upon Himself." However, even if God were unipersonal we should still be justified in attributing to Him infinite love towards others and claiming that this involved no contradiction of thought. It is misleading to say, as Mr. Mason has said, that love is not love without exercise. Love is love in all that goes to constitute its own intrinsic perfection even without exercise, or with

exercise insufficient to exhaust its capacities, if the absence of exercise means only non-existence of the object on which it can expend itself, and not the non-existence of the capacity and actuated readiness to love. An illustration will bring this home. We have a poem describing to us the Last Man. Well, let us set before ourselves one left to be the solitary inhabitant of the earth's surface. Let us suppose him to have been in his earlier days, while there were others around him, noted for his amiable disposition, his loving and benevolent qualities: let us suppose also that now when there are none left of his equals to whom he can display his kindness and affection, he devotes his time and endeavours partly to the promotion of his own happiness and self-improvement, and partly to a reasonable care of the dumb animals still left around him. This supposition made, we would ask if this person is to be considered as having lost his right to be deemed a man of kind and loving heart, or as retaining at best the right to be deemed to have a love inadequate to the high level of his human nature, now that he has no human but only animal objects towards which to display it. Surely the rational answer is that he remains intrinsically the same and therefore deserves the same appreciation. So also, then, must we say of God. As God is infinite we must attribute to Him infinite love, and we must conceive of this love, on the side from which love is love of others, as an actuated readiness (that is, a readiness to which no further passage from dormancy into actuality is required), to wish and to bestow good on other beings possible or real, in proportion to the requirements and capacities of their several natures. This is a love infinite in itself, and not infinite in its objects merely because there are, by supposition, no objects, real or possible, on which it would be reasonable or possible to bestow more than finite degrees of good.

Canon Moore is not content with asserting on grounds of intrinsic reason that the doctrine of the Divine Unity can only be rationally maintained when supplemented by the doctrine of the Divine Trinity. He is confident that he can also claim the authority of the Fathers to corroborate his reasoning. For this purpose he constructs a sort of *catena* out of some of the early Patristic writers. Into any detailed consideration of these passages we cannot go, nor is it necessary. It is enough to remark that, although from writers in the earlier stages of the great Trinitarian controversies some inaccuracies of conception

are to be expected, in most of the passages brought forward by Mr. Moore, he misunderstands the writers from whom he quotes. They do indeed say that as a fact you cannot maintain the Unity without simultaneously maintaining the Trinity, and this is most true. If God is really Triune, then the Unity and the Trinity must be bound together by the most intimate ties of ontological necessity. But the Fathers quoted, except perhaps Origen, do not say that our concept of the Unity is untenable in thought unless it includes the supplementary concept of the Trinity, and yet it is this for which they are brought forward as witnesses.

We have still to consider the second of the two difficulties indicated above, by which the theologians of the *Lux Mundi* are exercised. Is it not necessary to conceive of the infinite God as both immanent and transcendent in His relation to the world, and is the coexistence of these two Divine attributes another theological truth which is rendered more intelligible to us by the doctrine of the Blessed Trinity? This, however, is a matter which had better stand over for another article.

S. F. S.

The Miracle of Mercy.

—
A FACT.
—

"MIDNIGHT hath struck from all the clocks.
Who is it cries on my name and knocks?"
"Rouse thee, Father John Marie.
Oh! make haste and ride with me."

"Who needeth me in the heart of the night?"
"One that must die before daylight.
Fetch quickly, Father John Marie,
The holy oils, and ride with me."

"A lad was I, and my locks nut-brown,
When last from saddle I vaulted down.
I will follow thee fast, tho' my hair be white,
But my feet shall carry me best this night."

"Now, nay, for the sturdiest could not stride
The length of the road that we must ride.
Mount! mount! lest clocks strike two, strike three,
And a soul be damned for lack of thee."

* * * * *

Bundle of hay on the barn's bare floor,
Blood that trickled under the door,
Blood on the gold of the brodered coat,
Ghastly, gaping wound in the throat.

"Oh! for the love of God, a priest!"
"Where shall we find one, west or east?
In this heretic land we may seek all day,
The nearest is shires and shires away."

"Oh! bring a priest, for Jesus' sake.
Years it is since I knelt to make
My confession, and was forgiven.
Oh! for God's sake, get me shriven."

Gasping, shuddering, ever to him
Dimmer the lights grew, and more dim;
Sharpened ever his ashy cheek;
And still his dry lips strove to speak.

Clatter of hoofs through the dark that rang,
And stopped at mid-gallop—two that sprang
Breathless each from a reeking steed,
With hair blown wild in their headlong speed.

"Father! Father! dreaming am I?
Or com'st thou truly to help me die?"
"Yea, my son, annealed and shriven,
To send thee in Christ's arms to Heaven."

* * * * *

"While the low sun looks through the orchard bough,
Brother Martin, what readest thou?"

"Of a holy priest in the north countrie,
In hiding, Father John Marie."

"Wherefore in hiding?" "For that he
At the cock-crowing, Father John Marie,
Assoiled and anointed one that lay
In his life's last throes on a heap of hay.

"Blood (it saith) from a gash in his throat
Gruesome ran o'er his gold-laced coat,
And out 'neath the door—What aileth thee?
So pale thou'rt, Father John Marie."

"Whence, Brother Martin, came the priest?"
"Nay, none can hear it, and west and east
They have searched, to slay him, and found him not,
For the good God hideth him well, I wot."

"His name, Brother Martin, read to me."
"'Tis written not, Father John Marie.
Dost think belike 'tis a friend? Now, nay,
Who knoweth? 'tis shires and shires away.

"One there was that rode by his side
Thither and thence, to serve as guide,—
One seen never of any before
(It saith), and that since hath been seen no more."

* * * * *

Musing, marvelling, ever went he
In wonder, Father John Marie.
Oh! by whom that night was he bidden
To ride? And, oh! what road had they ridden?

The length of the realm in little more
Than an hour.—And in praise and in trembling awe,
"*Benedictus*," would whisper he,
"*Qui venit in nomine Domini*."

MAY PROBYN.

Nullius Filius.

AFTER a long period of lethargy and forgetfulness we are now certainly awakening to a sense of our duty with respect to children. It is now thoroughly recognized that children are not mere chattels, but *persons* having rights of their own. We have of late years witnessed the formation and progress of an excellent Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which is doing a magnificent work in rescuing the little ones from ruin to soul and body. And it must also be admitted that never before was the maxim "save the child" so earnestly acted upon as now.

To Catholics all attempts in the direction of saving children must be of the deepest interest; and we feel that, at whatever cost, we must show those who oppose us in religion that we are not half-hearted in the matter, but that at least we intend unflinchingly to assert those rights which the law gives us with regard to the custody and education of the children committed to our charge. The case of the Queen *v.* Barnardo (*re* Jones), which was before the courts in November last, is of such importance to all interested in the welfare of the children of the poor that we feel justified in giving a short account of it in the pages of THE MONTH.

The story was as follows:

In June, 1888, a Catholic mother placed her boy, an illegitimate child, in Dr. Barnardo's Protestant Home. She had formerly lived for twenty years with the boy's father, but was then married to a man named M'Hugh. After eighteen months Mrs. M'Hugh wrote to rescind the agreement entered into with Dr. Barnardo and to reclaim her son. The letter she received in reply, written by the Secretary of the Home, contained the following remarkable passage:

You are probably aware that before the court will order him (*i.e.*, Dr. Barnardo) to give up the boy, it will be necessary to satisfy the

Judges of the perfect respectability, sobriety, and morality of your own character and life, and that a close and searching inquiry will have to be made into your habits and mode of life extending over many years. I therefore write to place these facts before you, because it is possible that Messrs. Leathley and Phipson, the Roman Catholic solicitors, who have been for a long time making the most zealous efforts to endeavour to remove several children from these institutions, may not have told you of the possible very unpleasant consequences to yourself which a searching inquiry into your private life and the public exposure of your habits in court may lead to. Of course, it is very possible that you have nothing to fear from any such inquiry, and that you may be able to satisfy the court that your life has been a perfectly pure and virtuous one; that your companions have been altogether good and respectable, and that you are yourself a sober and moral person; and that in every other way you are really fit to be the guardian of the child. If you can do this, it will undoubtedly influence the decision of the Judges in your favour; but Dr. Barnardo feels it his duty, before you rush into the Law Courts without any proper object or complaint for doing so, to let you know what might, perhaps, be the result.

All attempts to recover the boy were unsuccessful, and in the words of the Lord Chief Justice, Mrs. M'Hugh was

watched and followed—"shadowed" is the modern current word—by persons of both sexes in the employ, and under the instructions, of Dr. Barnardo, whom, although amateurs only, it is impossible to describe otherwise than as detectives. Where she went, with whom she consorted, how long she stayed in this public-house, how long in that, what she was seen to drink, how much more she may be presumed to have drunk, what she paid, and what others paid for her—nay, what language she used, overheard when she did not know she was being watched through a door ajar, language which a lady was not ashamed to listen to and to note down, though she professed to be ashamed to repeat it.

All this Dr. Barnardo did in order to blacken the poor woman's character, although he was assured that she was not seeking to take the child to live with her, but was merely desirous of placing him in a respectable and comfortable Catholic Home.

The persistent refusal of Dr. Barnardo to recognize parental rights naturally led to legal proceedings; and, on the 4th of November last, Lord Coleridge, Chief Justice, delivered the judgment of the court in favour of the mother. Since then Dr. Barnardo has again been unsuccessful in the Court of Appeal and has been condemned in costs. On the latter occasion the first question raised was whether an appeal

would lie from an order for a writ of *habeas corpus*, and counsel for the mother contended that the House of Lords, in the case of *Bell-Cox v. Lord Penzance*, had answered that question in the negative. The Court of Appeal, however, decided to hear the case upon its merits, and, at the end of the argument, reserved judgment on the two points, (1) whether an appeal would lie, and (2) if so, whether the orders of the Court below (*a*) that a writ of *habeas corpus* should issue directing Dr. Barnardo to bring up the child, and (*b*) that Mr. Walsh should be appointed guardian, should be affirmed.

On the 25th of November judgment was given. The decision of the House of Lords in *Bell-Cox v. Lord Penzance* was held inapplicable to the case under consideration, and the orders of the court below, both as to the writ of *habeas corpus* and as to the guardianship of the child, were affirmed.

The judgments, both in the Queen's Bench Division and in the Court of Appeal, are highly instructive on the law as to the custody of bastards. Although it is true that an illegitimate child has no proper legal guardian, yet as Lord Justice Lindley said :

It is now settled, after some fluctuation of opinion, that the mother has a *primâ facie* right to the custody of her child, up to the age of fourteen, in preference either to the reputed father, or any other person. This right is based on the relationship which exists between the mother and her child, and the absence of all superior right on the part of the reputed father, or of any one else.

The court will not arbitrarily interfere with this right, but, on the contrary, will support the mother and give effect to her wishes, unless it be satisfied that she is unfit to have the custody and control of her child.

The points alleged by Dr. Barnardo, and urged by him as showing that, in this case, the mother's wishes ought not to prevail, were :

1. The mother's immoral character.
2. Want of *bona fides* on her part.
3. Her abandonment of her right to the child.
4. The injury which would accrue to the boy if he were to be removed to a Catholic Home.

With regard to the first point. Under the old law immorality of a very gross nature had to be proved before the custody of a child was taken away from a parent. Now, however, since the Judicature Act, 1873, all the Judges have to exercise

with regard to children the jurisdiction formerly peculiar to the Court of Chancery, and to look to what they consider to be really for the child's benefit. Lord Coleridge, in the court below, said :

It cannot be questioned that the mother's life was for many years open to reproach, her habits are rough, her means of living are slender and precarious, and, if judged by an austere standard, she is certainly not the person one would select to take care of and to educate a boy of eleven or twelve. We have not, however, to select, and her moral shortcomings are, in our judgment, very far short of the point which would justify a court in depriving her of the custody and control of her child, if she had it, and if the sole question before us were whether or no she should be continued in the enjoyment of it.

But the question was, what would be most for the benefit of the child? And, as it seemed to the Judges of both courts that the boy was not likely to be less benefited at the Catholic than at the Protestant institution, the question was decided on the right of the mother to choose between the two.

2. The second objection was want of *bona fides* on the part of the mother—that she was, in fact, merely a tool in the hands of others.

The Judges clearly saw that the dispute really was whether the boy was to be educated as a Catholic or a Protestant; that the fight was over the soul, not over the body of the child; but that the woman, although apparently indifferent herself, had been persuaded that her son's soul would be in danger if he were left in a Protestant Home. Lord Esher said that if he thought that the woman was not persuaded at all, and that she was a mere catspaw; if she had received money for her consent to the application to the court, he should have held that it was not *bona fide*. As it was, however, his Lordship felt that she really was persuaded, and sincerely wished to remove the boy.

3. The attempt to show that the mother had by her own acts abandoned her rights, also broke down. Lord Justice Lindley pointed out that it had been decided in the case of *Andrews v. Salt*,¹ that even the father of a legitimate child might abandon his right to control its education, but he added that it was extremely difficult to define the conduct which would be held to constitute an abandonment.

A mere agreement with a stranger that he shall have the child for a definite time, will not, though acted upon, necessarily amount to such

¹ L.R. 8 Ch. App. 622.

an abandonment. But if it can be shown that it would be an injury to the child not to abide by such an agreement, this additional circumstance may turn the scale.

4. With respect to the fourth point, the Judges regarded, as they always do, the two religions as on an equality, and gave no preference to either. The Divisional Court had examined the boy, and found him to be well and happy with Dr. Barnardo; and they would, no doubt, have ordered him to remain where he was and have appointed Dr. Barnardo guardian, had it not been that the law under the circumstances required the mother's wish to prevail (1) because she *was* the mother; (2) because the boy would be as well cared for at the one school as at the other, and (3) because the child, having been instructed in religion only for a short time, it did not seem to the court that a change of teaching would be dangerous to its faith.

The case is an extremely important one both as settling the doubt as to the right of appeal in cases of *habeas corpus* when applied to questions of custody of children, and also as defining more clearly the hitherto somewhat doubtful legal position of the mother of a bastard. Her rights, in spite of the doubt expressed by Mr. Justice Maule, whether the mother in such a case was anything but a stranger to her child, seem always to have been in some way recognized, although it was not very clear what those rights were. In the *Queen v. Nash*,¹ Lord Justice Lindley said:

We cannot interfere with the mother in favour of persons who are mere strangers. There is indeed no legal relationship, but there is a natural one, and the affection of the mother must be taken into account in considering what is for the benefit of the child.

But it was only in November last that we heard the clear judicial statement that in such a case the mother's wishes will be considered by the court. There is no difference whatever in this respect between the mother of an illegitimate child and the father of a legitimate child. It is an undoubted right by the law of England, recognizing the law of Nature, that the mother of an illegitimate child shall have the company, the care, and the control of her own child, unless for any reason the law of England is obliged to interfere with the law of Nature.

We cannot help regretting that no censure was passed by the learned Judges of Appeal on Dr. Barnardo. Lord Justice

¹ L.R. 10, Q.B.D. 454.

Lopes, indeed, characterized him as over-zealous, often misguided, and too prone to resist the law, but thought it necessary to add that he believed his motives to be benevolent and philanthropic. Now no one will deny the truth of this assertion, which, though never doubted, has been repeated *ad nauseam* both from the judicial bench and in the Press, but it must not be forgotten that even benevolent philanthropists are not at liberty to do all in their power to frighten out of their rights poor women whom they imagine to be friendless, or to try by unfair and sneaking devices to prove their characters to be worse than they are.

We heartily concur in the strictures passed by the Divisional Court on Dr. Barnardo, and think that public opinion will scarcely endorse the lenient view taken by Lord Esher and his colleagues of the conduct of the man who instituted and carried out such an elaborate system of "espial" upon Mrs. M'Hugh, and sanctioned the disgraceful letter to which we have referred.

We understand that Dr. Barnardo has entered an appeal, as is his wont, to the House of Lords, and it will be remembered that the other cases against him are still pending in that House. We hope that the learned Lords will see their way to affirming all the decisions against Dr. Barnardo, which, before many months are over, will be subjected to their review.

WILLIAM C. MAUDE.

*Clement the Eleventh.*¹

CLEMENT THE ELEVENTH may well be ranked with the greatest of the Sovereign Pontiffs, for the length of his reign, for the difficulty and turbulence of his times, for the great heresy that he struck down, for his indefatigable industry, the charm of his personal character, and the sanctity of his life. He reminds us on many points of St. Gregory the Great. The Register of St. Gregory's Letters is one of the grandest monuments of Papal power; it is also the monument of the man who wrote it,

quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
Vita senis.

We feel as we read that these are the missives of the one Father and Lord, who in his day was in a position to "reprove, entreat, rebuke" the whole world, and that the writer was equal to his position, deeply conscious of its burdens and able to bear them, and was withal a man with a heart of flesh that he was not ashamed to show. Clement's letters recall those of Gregory. The *onus apostolatus* has not been altered by eleven hundred years of transmission. There are still kings to rebuke, here and there a defaulting bishop to correct, missions to send to the heathen, encroachments of the secular power to protest against, the prerogatives of the See of Peter to proclaim, and in the midst we have letters written in Italian, all in the Pope's own hand, entreating a Cardinal to remember that he is a Prince of the Church rather than the minister of an earthly crown, or admonishing a Prince-Bishop to drive from his Palace and his States an occasion of sin and scandal.

John Francis Albano was born at Urbino, July 23, 1649. He came young to Rome to study rhetoric, philosophy, and civil and canon law; and took his doctor's degree in the University of Urbino. His oratorical exercises both in Latin

¹ *Clementis XI. Pont. Max. Opera Omnia*, in quibus continentur ejus Orationes Consistoriales, Homiliæ, Epistolæ et Brevia Selectiora, Bullarium. Francofurti, 1729.

and in Italian, on religious and moral subjects, won him great applause. His oratory was set off, his biographer tells us, by a tall figure, a handsome face, a clear voice, and a dignified and graceful action. Piety and innocence were the accompaniment of his youth, as they were the grace of his old age. He attracted the notice of Cardinal Barberini, and of the celebrated Queen Christina of Sweden, then resident in Rome. Innocent the Eleventh made him a prelate, sent him as governor to Reate and Orvieto, and finally gave him the post of Secretary of Briefs, with a canonry in St. Peter's.

One day Alexander the Eighth, Innocent's successor, was alone with his secretary, composing the discourse that he was to pronounce at the creation of twelve new Cardinals. After enjoining secrecy, His Holiness dictated the names of eleven, and then began to walk up and down the room, as if trying to think of the twelfth name. Suddenly he stopped, and bade his secretary go on writing. "But your Holiness has not given me the name." "Can't you write your own name?" The Secretary was young to be a Cardinal, just forty years old. To his remonstrances the Pope went on to say: "The other names We have altered in Our mind many times over; this one never." Eleven years went by, and the summer of 1700 found the next Pope, Innocent the Twelfth, fast nearing his end, when a question of vast moment came seeking its solution at the lips of the chief Doctor of Christendom. A kingdom and an empire, the greatest then in the world, were soon to be derelict. Charles the Second, the last of the Austrian dynasty in Spain, was dying before his time, and leaving no child to bury him. His throne was claimed by many claimants, principally by the Duke of Anjou, grandson of Louis the Fourteenth, and by the Archduke Charles, second son of the Emperor Leopold. Out of their dispute arose the War of the Spanish Succession, which desolated two-thirds of the long pontificate of Clement the Eleventh. Charles the Second submitted to Innocent the Twelfth his hesitation between the Archduke and the Duke of Anjou. The dying Pontiff committed the investigation to Cardinal Albano. He drew the Brief, to which Innocent affixed his signature, declaring that certain past renunciations were no bar to Spain declaring in favour of the Duke of Anjou as her sovereign. Charles thereupon made his will in favour of the Duke of Anjou, who eventually succeeded him as Philip the Fifth. Charles died on the 1st of November.

The Apostolic Chair then had been vacant for three months and a half. Three weeks later, on the 20th of November, the votes of all the Cardinals in the Conclave were concentrated upon Cardinal Albano. St. Gregory the Great, under the like circumstances, had fled and hid himself in the woods. Cardinal Albano fell sick and took to his bed with horror of the dignity offered him. The Sacred College persisted, all Rome was importunate at his bedside. The chapter of St. Gregory's *Cura Pastoralis*¹ was read to him, which concludes that "when bidden to take the supreme direction of affairs, the man who has endowments to benefit others should fly the command at heart and reluctantly obey." The Elect's answer was of course that he had not the said endowments. After three days' struggle and prayer and consulting with theologians, John Francis Cardinal Albano bowed his head to the manifest will of God, and in honour of the Saint of the day, St. Clement the First, he took the name of Clement the Eleventh. This was on November 23, 1700. On the 30th of that month he received episcopal consecration at the hands of the Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, the privilege of whose see it is to consecrate the Bishop of Rome, in the now rare cases when the Elect is not already a bishop. Clement was crowned with the tiara on the 8th of December. He sat in the See of Peter twenty years, three months, and twenty-four days.

His chief solicitude in the first year of his reign was to prevent the evil of war, which threatened the Christian world, and Italy in particular, from the indignation of the Emperor Leopold at the accession of Philip the Fifth to the throne of Spain, in accordance with the testament of the last monarch. For this he wrote many letters, and sent Nuncios Extraordinary to the Courts of all the Catholic Princes, and offered his own personal mediation between Austria and France, but without effect. All the evils that he dreaded fell upon Christendom and Italy and upon the Pontifical States themselves. In October, 1709, Clement recognized the Austrian Archduke as Charles the Third of Spain, without prejudice however to the rival claim of Philip the Fifth, declaring to the Cardinals that he gave the title according to the terms of the Constitution of Clement the Fifth in the Council of Vienne, which provides that "if the Sovereign Pontiff *ex certa scientia*, by word, constitution, or letter, names, honours, or in any other manner treats with any one under the title of any dignity, he is not thereby to be

¹ Lib. i. c. 6.

understood to approve him in that dignity, or to give him any new right." But the title that Charles coveted, and sought at the price of so much blood, was destined to remain to him "the shadow of a name." Austria might as well have accepted from the first the mediation of Clement the Eleventh.

With Marlborough the Pope was not likely to have any dealings; but he had much correspondence with the Duke's great colleague at Blenheim, Prince Eugene. In the summer of 1706, two years after the Battle of Blenheim, Eugene was in command of the Imperial forces in the north of Italy. The Pope was solicitous for the neutrality of his States. He had always, he said, acted as the common Father, and had avoided all taking of sides in the present contest. But military license is difficult to check, and the needs of war are peremptory. The Pope protested, as he was bound, against the violation of his neutrality.

From Your Nobility's very courteous reply to Our recent letter, We had conceived an assured hope that the States of the Church would be entirely exempt from the grave inconveniences which they had a little before suffered from the great number of armed men who had traversed them. We would not urge the same point with new instances, were We not driven to it by the prayers, or rather clamours, of those who complain of new annoyances, and say that the Imperial Officers are trying to force them by commands and threats to provide at once for your cavalry such an amount of fodder as cannot possibly be got together, what with the small means there are in those places, and the too well-known scarcity of the present year. . . . We, seeing Our authority manifestly compromised by any one arrogating to himself power over the properties of the peoples committed to Our charge, cannot but exhort you, as We have a right to do, and move you to correct the excesses of such Officers, and let them know that though they may bargain on fair terms for the goods of Our subjects that are matter of commerce, they have no manner of right to adjudge the goods to themselves at their own discretion. Therefore in your equity and piety allow no: Our rights and those of the Apostolic See to be interfered with, and consider with yourself that no less glory will accrue to you for all time from your reverence for justice and steady devotion to the same See than from your valour in war.

Three months later, December 19, 1706, he wrote in still stronger terms to Eugene against the German regiments making their winter-quarters in the Papal territory of Ferrara.

We draw the attention of Your Nobility to these facts, believing that your integrity and virtue is such as never to allow an open violation of justice, and such your deference to Us that, while you have the chief

command of the Imperial army, there is no likelihood of an event that might so seriously offend Us and lead Us on to still more serious thoughts.

Ten years later Clement the Eleventh had a more agreeable letter to write to *le petit Abbé de Savoie*. In 1715 the Turks expelled the Venetians from the Morea. Gathering a powerful fleet, they proceeded to threaten Corfu. In an Allocution, January 16, 1716, Clement utters the alarms which these events raised in him.

Our enemy the Sultan, elated with the success of his arms, and thinking that there is no region now not open to him, is meditating an attack, not on the Venetian provinces only, but on all Christendom, and particularly on Our Pontifical States, and even on this citadel of true religion. . . . What there would be to fear for Us, for you, for Italy, for Rome, from the victorious arms of the Turks, their innate hatred of Christians, and unutterable cruelty, if the Venetian State were to succumb in the war that is preparing for next spring, will be far easier for you to understand of yourselves than for Us to explain.

On the 30th of March he is able to tell the Cardinals that Philip the Fifth of Spain is sending six ships of war and five galleys to the relief of Corfu; that he is sending galleys of his own and hiring ships of war; that the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Knights of Malta are also sending their contingent to strengthen the Venetian fleet; and—best news of all—that “Our most dear son in Christ, Charles, King of the Romans, Emperor elect”—in other words, the Emperor, Charles the Sixth of Germany, who still kept the style of Charles the Third of Spain—“was preparing might and main for war against the infidel.”

On the 5th of August the same year, 1716, the feast of Our Lady of the Snow, the Imperial forces under Prince Eugene encountered the Grand Vizier and his army of 100,000 men. Ten days after, on the feast of the Assumption, the news came to Rome—Grand Vizier and 6,000 Turks left dead on the field, 170 cannon, 40 standards, and vast sums of money taken. “This victory,” says Mr. Dyer,¹ “is principally ascribed to the use of heavy cavalry.” Without undervaluing heavy cavalry, Clement the Eleventh, as we shall see, traced the success to higher causes.

On the 7th of September he writes to Prince Eugene:

The firm and steady trust which the Christian commonwealth had reposed in the proved valour and fortitude of Your Nobility has been so

¹ Vol. iv. p. 48.

much exceeded by the signal and ever-memorable victory which you have recently gained over the Turks, that all the faithful of Christ vie with one another everywhere in giving you the greatest praises. With such success and speed you have scattered, almost exterminated, countless forces of barbarians, that you seem to have equalled the glory of that celebrated leader of the Romans, who came, saw, and conquered. So you triumph, and deservedly, not so much in the destruction of the foe as in the love of peoples and the blessings of nations, who proclaim you the queller of barbarian perfidy and pride, the champion of public security, the brave defender of orthodox religion, and extol to heaven your name, illustrious and far and wide, glorious as it was before. We, too, add Our suffrage to the praises of the faithful, and set down to your valour and wisdom the excellent service of having preserved Christendom from most grievous peril; and thoroughly from Our heart we congratulate you on the vast accession of immortal honour and merit that has thence accrued to you.

The Pope further sends him by special envoy a sword and cap of honour, such as the Roman Pontiffs were wont to send to the victorious defenders of Christendom, and such as Eugene had himself received from Innocent the Eleventh for a victory gained nearly on the same ground nineteen years before. In the early part of October, the fortress of Temesvar, the last stronghold of the Turks in Hungary, which they had held for a hundred and sixty-four years, surrendered to Eugene. The Pope observes in his Allocution of January 4, 1717:

Providence deigned to grant this laurel of victory to our beloved son, the noble man, Prince Eugene of Savoy, on the very day on which the gifts of a sword and cap solemnly blessed by Us reached that same well-deserving Prince. Surely the Lord, of whom is mercy, and whose truth remaineth for ever, has given wonderful attestation that He mercifully listens to the prayers of His ministers, and follows up the benedictions of this Holy See.

Another fruit of the victory was that the Turkish fleet raised the blockade of Corfu, and ceased to threaten Italy. The Emperor sent the Pope four standards taken in the fight. Clement with his own hands dedicated two of them at the high altar of St. Mary Major, and sent the other two to Loretto.

These Christian triumphs were not yet at an end. In August, 1717, Prince Eugene was besieging Belgrade, and was himself besieged by an immense Turkish army. On the feast of the Assumption the Pope and Cardinals held a solemn service at St. Mary Major. What happened that day at Belgrade is recounted by Clement in an Allocution to the Cardinals on the 1st of October:

Our beloved son, the noble man, Prince Eugene of Savoy, the illustrious leader of the Imperial army, clad with new virtue from on high, seeing the alacrity of his soldiers, weary of longer delay, and impatient of barbarian arrogance, resolved silently to lead his troops out of their entrenchments, so as to fall unexpectedly on the proud enemy in his camp. The brave resolve with which Heaven had inspired him, was supported by further blessings from Heaven; for a cloud so opportunely covered the advancing column of the Christians, that the barbarians found their camp being stormed before they knew that the enemy was approaching, as though by a renewal of the signs that marked the Israelitic age, a fact which We cannot mention without tears of joy, the Blessed Virgin, whom the type of a cloud had foreshadowed in the ancient covenant, were rendering her aid by manifest indication, and showing that she was protecting her soldiers. Thus under her guidance they hastened not so much to a fight as to certain victory. Still, however, the barbarians made a spirited resistance, and prolonged the contest for several hours, until, when more than twenty-five thousand of them had been slain, and their camp taken, they turned to headlong flight, leaving large stores which they had used all their energy in collecting from extensive provinces, more than a hundred and forty cannon, many standards, provisions, and almost all their wealth, to be plundered by the Imperial army. The second day afterwards, Belgrade hoisted the flag of surrender, and, imploring the protection of the conqueror, passed into the power of the Christians.

Eugene was anxious to follow up his success. Bosnia, Servia, and Wallachia seemed on the point of falling into his hands. He thought even to deal a blow at Constantinople itself. But Spain and other Powers were jealous of the Emperor's success, and peace was made under English mediation. The peace of Passarowitz was signed, July 21, 1718. Since that day Turkey has never again been a menace to Western Europe, a result for which we are largely indebted to Clement the Eleventh.

In gratitude for the victory of August 5, 1716, gained, as the Pope says, "almost at the same time when the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary in this goodly city were walking in public procession with a great concourse of people and singular devotion, pouring forth pious prayers to God for the humiliation of the Turks;" as also for the raising of the blockade of Corfu on the 22nd of the same month; Clement the Eleventh, on the 3rd of October following, extended the feast called Rosary Sunday to the Universal Church. Leo the Thirteenth has honoured it still further.

Carmelite Saints.

PART THE SECOND.

ON July 16, 1560, the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel was celebrated with wonted solemnity in the Convent of the Incarnation at Avila, and after the public services, St. Teresa betook herself to the solitude of her cell, but she was followed there by a group of nuns who shared her ideas, and some young ladies of Avila, among whom were two daughters of her cousin, Didacus de Cepeda, who (according to the usage of Spain) are called her "nieces." The conversation turned upon the feast of the day, and a general regret was expressed at the obstacles to recollection and solitude which existed in the actual state of the convent. One of the "nieces," Maria de Ocampo, a beautiful girl of seventeen, brilliantly dressed in the fashion of the day, and bedizened with jewels, suddenly exclaimed, "Well! let us, who are assembled here, go elsewhere—let us find some place where we can lead a different life, more solitary, and like hermits. If you have the courage to live like the Discalced Franciscans, there will be no difficulty in finding the means for founding a convent." At first it was thought that she was joking, but she continued in sober earnest, and offered at once a thousand ducats of her dowry towards the expenses of the foundation. All present applauded her, and before they left the cell of the Saint, who was laughing at them, while she praised God in her heart, the first convent of the Reform was already established in the imaginations of these youthful founders.¹ This trifling incident was really the starting-point of St. Teresa's Reform. She betook herself to her prayers, and laid the matter

¹ Many years afterwards, Maria de Ocampo, then a nun, wrote as follows: "The instant I made the offer of a thousand ducats for the foundation of a monastery, I had a vision of our Lord bound to the Pillar; a most piteous and distressing sight. He thanked me for that alms, and my good-will, as it was the first, and told me how greatly it would be to His honour. I was so moved that I made up my mind there and then to take the habit myself, and did so six months after the foundation of St. Joseph." (*Reforma de los Descalzos*, lib. i. c. 35.)

before our Lord, who urged her to work with all her might for the accomplishment of the foundation, promising her that it would become a star which would shed a true splendour on the earth. "If the religious orders," He added, "have lost their primitive fervour, nevertheless, they render Me great services: and what would become of the world if there were no religious orders?" St. Teresa now went to work in earnest. She wrote to friends, among others, to St. Francis Borgia, St. Peter of Alcantara, and St. Louis Bertrand. From all she received the most encouraging answers, and the latter added a prophecy that her Reform, in less than half a century, would become "one of the most illustrious Orders in the Church." Funds were soon forthcoming for building the convent, God was stirring many hearts in the same direction, and St. Teresa received offers of valuable subjects for the new community. Don Alvaro de Mendoza, the Bishop of Avila, was her staunch and steady ally, and her intimate friend, Doña Guiomar (a pious widow in the world), obtained a conditional promise from Father Angelo de Salazar, the Provincial of the Carmelites, that he would approve the foundation of a convent where the primitive rule should be observed—this was the quarter in which the Saint apprehended the chief difficulty. A modest house, surrounded by a garden, was purchased, and additions were made to it to adapt it to community life. While the building was in progress, and St. Teresa was superintending the work, accompanied by her married sister, and her little boy, Gonsalvo, a child of five years of age, the boy ran about among the builders, when a mass of masonry fell upon him and crushed him to death. They carried the dead body into a room, and tried to conceal what had happened from the young mother, but she, at once divining some mischief to her child, rushed into the room, and threw herself on the body in the wildest grief. St. Teresa followed her, calmed her sister, and then, taking the child in her arms, prayed God that He would have pity on His devoted servants—there was a moment of profound silence—then Teresa rose, and, as Gonsalvo opened his eyes and smiled at his aunt, she said to her sister, "Why do you trouble yourself in this way? there is your boy—take him." The young Gonsalvo, as he grew up, remained much attached to the Saint, and used to say that she was bound to get him into Heaven, as she had stopped him when he was on the road thither.

The preparation of the new convent was carried on quietly,

and with the greatest secrecy, but when once the community were lodged there, and the bell was rung for Mass and daily duties, great was the commotion in Avila. Such was the excitement of the people, that it could not have been greater if the town had been invaded by the Moors. The Governor summoned the town council, everybody condemned the new foundation, and summary measures were proposed for putting an end to it. The devil had taken alarm at this modest work, undertaken for the greater glory of God, and persuaded the people that the little Convent of St. Joseph was a scandal, and would bring ruin on the town. The town council and the principal inhabitants were unanimous with the Governor, and were about to proceed to extremities, when a Dominican rose from his seat, and warmly pleaded the friendless cause of the nuns. He did not know St. Teresa at that time, but argued on the merits of the case. She was accused of introducing novelties. Were not all religious orders, at their commencement, novelties? Was not the Church, when founded by Jesus Christ, a novelty? He showed the absurdity of supposing that thirteen nuns, bound to the strictest poverty, and shut up in a corner praying for their neighbours, could be a cause of ruin to the prosperous town of Avila. Finally, he proved to them that they had no authority to interfere in an ecclesiastical question, with which the Bishop alone was entitled to deal, and ridiculed, as absurd, the calling together of a junta of the civil authorities upon such an insignificant matter. This speech silenced the meeting, and put an end, for the moment, to the projected expulsion of the nuns, but Teresa had a bad time to undergo. To almost everybody in the town she was an object of either hostility or suspicion. She was summoned back to the Convent of the Incarnation as a rebel, and publicly censured by the Prioress in Chapter, who, considering her offence so serious, called in the Provincial to deal with it. The Provincial (Father Angelo de Salazar) was a holy man. He saw the Saint in private, and reprimanded her sharply. She did not utter a word in her own defence, but threw herself at his feet, and asked for a penance, and his forgiveness. When asked to give the reasons of her conduct in presence of the community, she did so with such prudence and humility that nobody was able to answer her. The Provincial gave her his blessing, and permission to return to St. Joseph's as soon as the disturbance should cease, and to take with her four of the nuns of the Incarnation who wished to

enter her convent. But the agitation in the town had not come to an end. The Governor carried an appeal to the King in council, where the case was pleaded, with the result that the Governor was reprimanded, and Teresa remained triumphant. At the end of seven months' imprisonment in the Convent of the Incarnation, she was once more restored to her children at St. Joseph's. Distressing as all this commotion was to St. Teresa, it had two good effects. (1) It made her Reform known, and talked about, through the whole of Spain; applications flowed in from postulants, and proposals for fresh foundations. (2) It led to an acquaintance between the Saint and Father Dominic B   ez, who had saved St. Joseph's from destruction, and who afterwards became her director and firm friend, and who was of the greatest assistance to her in the future. This was really a great man. We consider him to have taken the wrong side in the chief theological controversy of his day: but he was a most learned theologian, possessing a marvellous amount of sound spiritual knowledge, and he was withal, a man of a most just, intrepid, and manly character. From this time, St. Teresa entered into close relations with the members of the Order of St. Dominic.

The Life of St. Teresa, written by herself, comes to a conclusion with the account of the foundation of St. Joseph's Convent, in the year 1562, just twenty years before her death. In the ordinary sense of the word, it is not a Life at all; it is not a record of her human actions, but a series of manifestations of the Divine favours bestowed upon her, and of the ways by which God led her soul to union with Himself, and the summit of supernatural contemplation. Commanded by her director to write an account of her spiritual life, she first demanded absolute secrecy as to its authorship, and then fulfilled the injunction with the greatest frankness. She says very little about herself, and a great deal about God, and the Life becomes a treatise on prayer and mystical theology, such as has never been surpassed or equalled. All women are emotional—all men are more or less so, for the matter of that—but, although women have a special aptitude for prayer, it is extremely rare to find a woman who, under the influence of Divine visitations and revelations, whether from hysteria or other disturbing causes, can distinguish accurately between what proceeds from herself and the communications of the Holy Spirit. There is no such confusion in St. Teresa. Her

spirit is so chastened by mortification, and so humble, her soul so well balanced and so sound, her intention so pure, her intellect so firm and solid, her courage so boundless, that her vision remains distinct and undisturbed under the blaze of the sun's rays. It was remarked, during the last ten or fifteen years of her life, that the outward signs in her of her Divine visitations almost ceased to be visible: this was not because they were less frequent, or her communion with God less intimate, but because her soul had become more familiar with Divine things, which ceased to cause in her those violent effects which they had produced in the earlier stages of her perfection. The dove had acquired the vision of the eagle, and was able, without being distressed, to gaze steadily at the sun.

St. Teresa has the same supremacy, as an authority in mystical theology (a science learned by experience, and infused by the Holy Ghost), that St. Thomas enjoys in the acquired science of the schools. The sublimity of her thoughts is equalled by the simplicity of her diction. She makes use of no syllogisms, definitions, distinctions, or the conventional language of the theological schools, but, ignorant of even the terminology of the science, she speaks in the ordinary language of a well-bred and well-educated woman; and every reader is charmed and enchanted by her writings; a poetess without knowing it, eloquent without intending it, her every word breathes a simplicity, a tenderness, and an inimitable sincerity, which appears to lift the reader to her own level, and carry him with her into the Sacred Heart of God.

We cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to Mr. Lewis for his translation of the *Vida*, one of the choicest jewels in the treasury of the Church. His work, as translator and as editor, is done so admirably, and with such zest for his subject, that we cannot help hoping that he may give us a complete edition of St. Teresa's works. The *Life*, written originally by order of the Inquisitor, Don Soto de Salazar, was completed, at the desire of Father Garcia de Toledo, another of the Saint's Dominican confessors, and the account of the foundation of St. Joseph's Convent in Avila added to it, in 1575. The MS. in the Saint's handwriting was kept in the Inquisition till after her death, and when she was canonized was placed among the relics of the Church in the Escorial, where it remains at present; an accurate copy of it was made by order of Ferdinand the Sixth, which is in the Royal library at Madrid.

Inaccuracies and corruptions crept into the text of the early editions, and it was further tampered with by the Jansenists in French translations. Father Bouix made a French translation twenty-five years ago, and Don Vincente de la Fuente has since that published a Spanish edition, from the original text, which Mr. Lewis has now translated and published, with the addition of the "Relations," which form a very fitting supplement to the Life. The "Relations," eleven in number, are accounts of conscience and special graces received by the Saint, written for several of her various confessors, and contain facts which occurred as late as 1578. Those who wish to know the outer life and human actions of St. Teresa must go to her biographers to see how perfectly they corresponded with the inspirations she received, and how false it is that the highest contemplation disqualifies for laborious and heroic action. The Bollandists have devoted very nearly an entire folio volume to this subject, and a Life of St. Teresa has lately been published by a Carmelite Prioress, which, written by a daughter of the Saint having access, not only to the ordinary sources of information, but also to the archives and traditions existing in her Order, gives a history of her Mother such as no one but a member of the family could have produced.¹

No sooner had the Convent of St. Joseph been established in Avila, than invitations were received there, from several quarters, to form new foundations elsewhere. But St. Teresa at once perceived that only one half of her work had been commenced. She and her nuns were still under the Fathers of the Mitigated Observance, who neither wished to be reformed, nor to allow others to reform themselves, and who would have quickly extinguished the fire which she had kindled upon the earth. It was necessary to get friars, as well as nuns, in order to carry on the Reform, and in this she found great difficulty. At last she heard of a young man, who had just been ordained priest; he had become a Carmelite, but pined for a life of greater mortification and penance, and intended to join the Carthusians. Born of poor, but most respectable and pious parents, he had shown from his childhood remarkable signs of sanctity, and a marvellous love of mortification. This was St. John of the Cross. He was induced to visit St. Teresa, and she persuaded him that it was for the greater glory of God

¹ *Histoire de Sainte Thérèse.* Ecrite par une Carmélite. Paris: Retaux-Bray, 82, Rue Bonaparte, 1888.

to reform his own Order than to seek his own sanctification in another. He enlisted under her banner, and another friar, Father Antonio de Heredia, joined him in his resolve. These two opened a humble novitiate of the friars of the Reform, and their ranks were soon swelled by the accession of friars of the Mitigated Observance as well as of men of the world. St. Teresa was meanwhile multiplying her foundations of convents of nuns. In spite of many difficulties and obstacles, her Reform prospered, was favoured by the Nuncio and King in Spain, and met with encouragement at Rome. Father Rubeo, the General of the Carmelites, visited Spain, and St. Teresa showed him the Constitutions which she had drawn up for the regulation of her nuns, and of these he approved. But the Fathers of the Mitigated Observance regarded the advance of the Reform with an evil eye; the Nuncio in Madrid died, and Father Rubeo was succeeded by another General, who, as well as the new Nuncio, was hostile to the Reform. Calumnies were published and believed by many. St. Teresa was denounced as a gad-about, an unquiet, disobedient, and obstinate woman, and her Reform as a scandal and reproach to religion. Envy and calumny are the companions of virtue, but also the evidence of good deeds; and in the service of God the jealousies and petty passions of the good are generally greater obstacles than all the malice of the wicked. St. John of the Cross, the pillar of the Reform, the associate in her work given by God to St. Teresa,¹ directed the nuns, while, as Novice Master, he formed the men who joined the Discalced Carmelites. Among the latter were several remarkable men. Father Antonio de Heredia, a scion of one of the noblest families in Biscay, was a man of great mortification and virtue. Father Mariano, a great soldier, had covered himself with glory in the war in the Netherlands, when he suddenly retired to a hermitage in the desert; there he heard of St. Teresa's Reform, and immediately joined it. He was a man of great energy and ability, but always retained something of the spirit of the soldier, and a desire to cut the Gordian knots of diplomacy by a stroke of his sword. Father Nicholas Doria (of the historic family of Genoa) enjoyed a great reputation for virtue and prudence, but he was of a stern inflexible character, and his zeal for mortification made him regard it as an end rather

¹ *Sanctæ Teresiæ comes divinitus datus.* Office of St. John of the Cross, Nov. 24, Noct. ii. lect. 5.

than a means, and led him into rigorism. After St. Teresa's death he caused much trouble to the Carmelites of the Primitive Observance. Father Jerome Gratian was of a very different character. His father was secretary to Charles the Fifth, he was brought up at Court, highly educated, and when, after he had carried off all the honours of his University, everybody was speculating as to his future career, he disappeared, and was next heard of among the novices of St. John of the Cross. St. John himself, who has been rightly named the "right arm" of St. Teresa's Reform, and whom she used to speak of as "her little Saint," was a man of consummate holiness, of great acquired knowledge as well as of supernatural gifts, he was a great director of souls, he prayed, he counselled, he taught, he wrote, he suffered, and was always suffering with heroic patience, but he could not govern, or deal with public affairs. Father Gratian, on the contrary, could do both. His life at Court had given him a knowledge of men and the conduct of business; he had a grand manner, an imposing presence, a prepossessing address, and much tact; these were qualities which perhaps would not further the process of his canonization, which perhaps acted like the alloy in coining, which makes the metal work better while it debases it, but they certainly enabled him to do a great work for St. Teresa, and any one who judges from the external view of events, would say that he, and not St. John, played the chief and most important rôle in the drama of her Reform. It was by the most special request of St. Teresa that he was chosen as the first Provincial of the Primitive Observance, the Saint took him as her confessor during the last years of her life, and, in the questions which arose after her death, he is considered to have been the true representative and exponent of the spirit of St. Teresa. The sphere of St. John of the Cross was purely spiritual, his influence was the result of his example and his consummate sanctity. A good theologian, he knew his Aristotle and St. Thomas well, and had in his philosophical studies paid a special attention to psychology, which is apparent in the easy manner in which he solves many difficult questions in mystical theology, in which science he is held to be an authority second only to St. Teresa. His treatise entitled, *The Ascent of Mount Carmel*, of which Mr. Lewis has given us a translation, was written for the guidance of the friars and nuns of the Primitive Observance. All schools of perfection aim at one and the

same end; the detachment of the soul from creatures, and its union with God; they differ only in their methods of attaining it. *The Ascent of Mount Carmel* commences with eight stanzas describing the contemplative life, the language of which resembles that of the Cantic of Canticles; these St. John takes as his thesis, and develops in his treatise, which he divides into three books. He proposes to lead the soul to union with God (as far as that union is possible for the creature in this life, because *union*, in the strict sense of the word, is impossible for it, and has never occurred except in the one instance of the Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ) "by means of pure contemplation." He analyzes the different powers of the soul, and shows how, one by one, each may be purified and led up to the Divine Presence. He explains the different degrees of prayer, natural and supernatural; and gives rules for escaping the dangers and delusions, and surmounting the difficulties, which the soul encounters in the different phases of contemplative prayer.

Our space does not allow us to follow all the details of the sad story of the conflict between the two Observances of the Carmelites, and the persecution of the Reform by those who ought to have been the first to defend and uphold it. While this war between brethren was waged, St. Teresa was sent as a quasi-prisoner to her convent in Toledo, and forbidden to leave it, and St. John was imprisoned, and subjected to the most inhuman barbarities, for seven months, when he was miraculously liberated by our Blessed Lady, who appeared to him in his confinement. St. Teresa had drawn up Constitutions for her nuns which gave them uniformity in their houses, and they fared better in consequence while the conflict lasted; but the friars of the Reform, having nothing but a rule providing for life in the cloister to guide them, fought like guerilla chiefs, with great spirit but without concert, and they made mistakes which their opponents took care to make the most of. The Fathers of the "Mitigation" represented a powerful religious Order, ranged themselves in a compact phalanx, and claimed the prestige of prescription. The friars of the Reform, who now numbered more than two hundred, had often to go into hiding, and were hunted from town to town. At one time all seemed to be lost, and most people began to despair of the Reform. Both parties had their advocates at Rome, and the Court of Rome listened

alternately to the arguments of the one and the other, while the General of the Order, who was hostile to the Reform, was continually on the spot. St. Teresa never for a moment lost her confidence as to the issue, or her peace of mind; she lamented the mistakes made by the friars of the Reform, and urged them to request the Holy See to separate the two Observances under different Provincials. While she was under restraint in Toledo, her friends petitioned that the MS. of the Life, which had always remained in the keeping of the Inquisition, might be restored to her, in order that it might be used for the edification and instruction of her nuns. It was ruled, however, that it ought not to be published during her life-time, and, in place of it, she was ordered by her confessor (a Dominican) to write a complete treatise on prayer in general, excluding all matter of a personal or local character. St. Teresa, always obedient, betook herself to the task imposed upon her on the feast of the Blessed Trinity; she prayed for light and that God would inspire her with the plan of the treatise. Immediately she had a vision of a luminous globe, apparently formed of a diamond or the purest crystal, divided into six chambers, in the midst of which, in a centre of effulgent light, was the great King of glory; from thence the Divine King emitted into the other chambers a splendour which was more or less brilliant in proportion as they were closer to, or further removed from, His Person. While Teresa, in an ecstasy of joy, was contemplating the beauty of this "Fortress of the Lord," suddenly the light disappeared, the diamond globe grew dark and opaque, and all kinds of reptiles and unclean animals swarmed around it on every side. "Ah! Lord," exclaimed the Saint, "if only the poor sinners could see what I now see, never would they consent to lose this splendour of Thy grace, of which sin deprives them."¹ It was under the impression of this vision that St. Teresa drew the plan of her great mystic treatise, *Las Moradas*—"The Mansions," or, "The Inner Fortress of the Soul," which she herself considered to be her master-piece. Following the Christian tradition and Holy Scripture, she sees the true principle of the interior life in the presence of God within the just soul. That soul is a fortress built of a single diamond or most pure crystal, worthy of the great King who inhabits it. In this diamond, as in Heaven, there are many mansions, some higher, some lower, while in the centre is the chief one, in which the

¹ Vincente de la Fuente, vol. i. p. 406.

most secret communications pass between God and the heart of His well-beloved. The Saint knew all these by experience. She had passed through them all before arriving at the last. And to one who would object, that if the soul is the fortress, how can we enter it? she answers that the soul which is recollected in God is the only one that dwells at home, and that prayer is the only door of entrance to the Divine fortress. She then passes from mansion to mansion, that is, from one degree to another, of the six degrees, in the way of prayer. We begin by humility, advance by sacrifice, mount on high by perseverance, till the soul, purified and immolated, reaches the blessed regions, and tastes the delights, of union with God. And here the Saint reminds us that the merit of a soul does not consist in the favours it receives from God, but in the virtues it acquires from them, and that the true spiritual life is not to enjoy the consolations of God, but to make oneself His slave, and to carry the brand of that slavery, the stamp of the Cross of Jesus Christ.

There were three things which St. Teresa regarded with a special abhorrence: rigorism, ignorant confessors, and silly devotions, *devociones bobas*. Large, generous, and magnanimous, in great things, yet faithful in the minutest details, she detested that spirit of strictness and severity which recommends itself to human pride, and gains with the uninstructed a reputation for superior virtue, but which savours more of the spirit of the Pharisees than that of Jesus Christ and His Church. The rule which she established was very austere, and was in itself a protest against laxity of every kind, but she had constantly to temper and soften that rule by gentleness and charity, which the zeal of her subalterns was ever attempting to press into indiscreet excesses. In the early stages of her spiritual life the Saint was misled, and much impeded in her advance to perfection, by ignorant confessors. They were men ignorant of contemplative prayer and mystical theology, and who imagined that every soul was to be guided in one and the same path, *Spiritus ubi vult spirat*, and it is a terrible thing when a confessor gets between his penitent and the Holy Ghost. St. Teresa, very wisely, always chose learned men for her confessors, and advises everybody to do the same, for their greater security and advancement in spirituality, but learned men are sometimes pedants, and though it does not inflict the same injury on the soul, she had to suffer from

the pedantry, as well as from the ignorance, of her confessors. The zeal and fervour of her nuns was continually suggesting a multitude of new-fangled devotions and pious practices; these she would never allow, and substituted for them a few of the long-recognized and fully-approved devotions of the Church. St. Teresa was much opposed to those who taught that in contemplation the Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ should be eliminated, and the contemplation fixed upon the Godhead alone. This she denounces as a delusion, a delusion into which she was herself led, for a time, by spiritual writers on the subject. This opinion, which is held by many, is upheld by its advocates as being maintained by St. Thomas in a passage¹ where he is speaking of a totally different subject, viz., of the effects which would have followed if the Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ had remained upon the earth after His Ascension. This appears to us a total misapplication and distortion of St. Thomas's words, and where he speaks explicitly and directly of contemplation,² the Angelical Doctor expresses himself manifestly in entire accordance with St. Teresa.

There are in existence many pictures, called portraits, of St. Teresa. The fact is that the Saint never sat for her portrait but once, and that was much against her will. She was leaving Seville, and as the convent was undergoing repairs and alterations, the enclosure was suspended; the Provincial was in Seville, and a lay-brother who painted decorations and pious pictures for the chapels of the convents, a great contemplative but very moderate artist. The Sisters prevailed on the Provincial to let them have a portrait of the Saint taken by "Brother John," which might remind them of her in her absence. She sat accordingly, and scolded Brother John for making her suffer so much, and after all "making her so ugly." Brother John may have repeated his work, which was very rough, but caught something of the expression of his model. Innumerable fancy portraits of her have been painted, some by artists of the highest class, and some of them may be like the Saint, but they are very unlike one another. Several towns of Spain, among others Seville, Valladolid, Madrid, and Avila, claim to possess the veritable portrait of St. Teresa "painted from the life" (*sacose ella viva*), by Brother John; those at Seville and Valladolid are thought to have the best claim to authenticity.

¹ 3 *Sent.* dist. 22. quæst. 3. art. 1. ad quintum.

² 2a. 2æ. quæst. clxxx. art. iv. passim.

During the conflict between the Carmelites of the "Mitigated" and "Primitive" rules, St. Teresa had always advised their separation under different Provincials. This course was at last adopted, and by its adoption peace was at once restored. Towards the close of 1580 the Court of Rome granted a Brief of Separation between the two Observances, and Father John de las Cuevas (a Dominican), appointed mandatory of the Holy See, and delegated by the King, issued a circular letter on Feb. 1, 1581, summoning a Chapter General of the Primitive Observance at Alcala on the 3rd of March, to define and establish the government and rules of the new Carmel, and elect their officers. The Chapter was opened on the 4th of March in presence of many bishops, distinguished ecclesiastics, and dignitaries of the University of Alcala, all anxious to testify their profound sympathy with the reformed Carmel. The president proclaimed the Bull of Gregory the Thirteenth, in virtue of which, as Apostolic Commissary, he published the separation of the Province of the Discalced Carmelites from all those of the Mitigated Observance. "Let us call this day," he said, in concluding his speech, "a day of accord and not of division; for to-day the brethren only separate themselves in order that they may better preserve their union and peace." In the proceedings of the Chapter St. Teresa's counsels were invited and followed. Father Gratian was elected Provincial; Father Nicolas Doria, Assistant; St. John of the Cross, and FF. Antony of Jesus, Gabriel of the Assumption, and Mariano, Consultors. Constitutions were drawn up and established for the friars. Those of St. Teresa for the nuns (which in her humility she called "the constitutions of Father Rubeo," because he had approved of them) were solemnly ratified by the Chapter without alteration. Asked to make suggestions as to the constitutions of the friars, St. Teresa made two, which were both adopted. They were these: (1) That the Priors be ordered to provide better and more abundant food for the friars than had heretofore been the practice; and (2) that a constitution be introduced enjoining cleanliness on all. On March 17, 1580, the Chapter was closed amid fervent thanksgivings on the part of the religious, and enthusiastic congratulations on that of their friends. The King sent an aide-de-camp from Madrid to congratulate the Saint on the triumph of her Reform, and many great people were profuse in their felicitations. "Now we are all at peace, Mitigated or Discalced Carmelites," she exclaimed to her nuns, "there is nothing now

to interfere with us in serving our Lord, so let us make haste to devote ourselves to the glory of His Divine Majesty, who has so well fulfilled all our prayers and aspirations;" and she set the example by immediately starting to make a new foundation at Soria. God permitted St. Teresa to witness the dawn of her triumph, which was afterwards to obtain a world-wide extension, but she felt that her bodily powers were failing and her dissolution approaching, though her soul appeared only to gain new strength as the "mortal coil" grew weaker. When she had completed the foundation at Soria, she knew that her end was near, and she travelled to Avila, intending to die in the Convent of St. Joseph, which had been the cradle of her Reform; but she had no sooner arrived there than she was summoned to make a new foundation at Burgos, the ancient city of the princes of Castille. She felt quite unequal to this new labour, and wished to make the foundation by deputy. Difficulties however arose in Burgos, and it was represented to her that her presence there was absolutely necessary for the success of the foundation. At the same time came proposals for new foundations at Madrid, at Pampeluna, at Ciudad-Rodrigo, and at Grenada. In spite of her sufferings and a feebleness daily increasing, St. Teresa started on her rough journey to Burgos on the 1st of January, but was so often delayed on the road by exhaustion and fatigue that she did not arrive there till the end of the month. The difficulties at Burgos were not easily surmounted, and it was not till the end of July that she was able to take her departure. During her stay there she was overwhelmed with correspondence and negotiations for the foundation of new convents, yet she contrived amidst all her occupations and sufferings to find leisure for writing. She had established thirty-two convents, eighteen of women, and fourteen of men, and she here finished her book of *The Foundations*, which is considered to display her literary powers more than any of her other productions. The subject is less serious, and in describing the adventures and mishaps of her journeyings, and the various vicissitudes to which women destitute of temporal means are subjected when seeking to establish themselves in strange towns, gives play to her more lively style and sense of humour. A vein of playful satire runs through the whole of her treatment of the subject. She also composed here the last of all her writings, on "The Method of visiting Convents;" the MS., in her own handwriting, is preserved in the Escorial at Madrid, and, we believe, has never

been published. In leaving Burgos it was the Saint's intention to go straight to Avila, where she wished to close her life, but she received orders to visit, on her way there, the convents she had founded at Placentia, Valladolid, Medina del Campo, Salamanca, and Alba. Once more she braced herself up to discharge this new tax upon her failing powers, and in each of the places named new troubles and afflictions awaited her to add to her sufferings. She arrived at Alba on the 20th of September in a dying state, and was at once carried to her bed ; but she rose the next morning, heard Mass and received Communion, and the following days were spent either in the public duties of the convent or, in a state of exhaustion, on her bed. On the 29th, the feast of St. Michael, she was unable to move, and sent for Father Antonio to hear her confession ; he expressed a hope that she would recover. "My son," she said, "I am no longer wanted down here ;" and, when he had left, she told her infirmarian that she was about to die. In her transient passions the sight of Heaven had frequently been unveiled before her, and she yearned for it with a superhuman desire which made her loathe the life of her exile upon earth and pray that, until she was released from it, her detachment might be secured by continual suffering—*aut pati, aut mori*—that prayer had been heard, and her life had been one uninterrupted series of sufferings, mental and bodily. She had experienced the bitterness of life, she was now to learn by experience how sweet it is to die. In the Bull of her canonization it is given as the belief of those who attended her on her death-bed that the cause of her death was not the violence of any malady, but that her vital powers had been consumed by the intolerable flame of Divine love. St. Teresa had wrought many miracles during her life, and they were not wanting at, and after her death, as is proved by the Acts of her canonization. Friends came weeping to take their final leave of her, but as soon as they were in her presence they were seized with a holy joy, and left her filled with consolation : cures were obtained by many who touched her hand or habit, a supernatural light played upon her features and illumined her cell, and a miraculous perfume, which still emanates from her incorrupt body, was perceived by all who approached her. "The cell of the Saint," it was said, "has become a Paradise." The Saint herself lay, with her crucifix in her hand, radiant with joy, but in her utterances no word of exultation escaped her—she asked for the prayers of those who visited her, and the pardon of the

community for the bad examples she had given them! She recited the Penitential Psalms, and her most frequent ejaculation was, *Cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicies*. On the evening of the 3rd, a deathlike pallor had fallen on her countenance and a cold sweat stood upon her forehead. She asked for the Viaticum in order that she might be strengthened by her Divine Spouse before entering her agony. She made the responses with a firm voice, and after receiving Communion fell into profound recollection: a night of great suffering followed, and in the morning her agony commenced, an agony so radiant and peaceful that it looked like an ecstasy. In the evening three gentle sighs, scarcely audible to those present, signified that her spirit had passed away. She died at 9 p.m. on October 4, 1582, when she was sixty-seven years of age.

The body of St. Teresa was buried at Alba, and afterwards translated to Avila, but the inhabitants of Alba protested so loudly, and made such successful instance at Rome for the restoration of her relics to the town in which she had died, that the body was again brought back to Alba, where a church was built to receive it, and where it is preserved at present. On all these occasions, as on others when the tomb has been opened, the last in 1760, the body has been found incorrupt, the flesh soft and fresh, the limbs flexible, and emitting the same miraculous fragrance that was noticed in it before death. St. Teresa was beatified by Paul the Fifth on April 24, 1614, and canonized by Gregory the Fifteenth on March 12, 1622, on the same day as St. Isidore, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, and St. Philip Neri. Saint, and Teacher, and Apostle, St. Teresa's claim to the title of Doctor is disputed. The greatest theologians have affirmed that she deserved it, and the collect for her feast, in the Office of the Church, seems to imply this, but, as a fact, the Holy See has never conferred the degree of Doctor on any woman. Nevertheless, in the Basilica of St. Peter, Rome has erected to her memory a colossal statue of her, which bears her name with the title MATER SPIRITUALIUM inscribed upon it. She is the mother and mistress of all simple and sincere souls who seek in prayer the daily sustenance of that supernatural life without which we cease to be Christians, and among female saints, she remains at once the most sublime and the most attractive figure in modern hagiography.

J. H. WYNNE.

Glencoonoge.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT GLENCOONOGE.

MR. CHALMERS, unseen, had witnessed from his window all the hurry-scurry of the departure of the Glencoonogeites that morning, and had been able to follow the winding course of their boats long after they had ceased to be visible to the book-keeper from the sea-wall. Long after the boats had diminished into nothing, he remained at the window looking out. Not that the scene soothed him, or harmonized with his mood at that moment. Others, to-day, might passively await events they could not control; but for him, some instinctive foresight had lately pointed to this present hour as that in which a dreaded task might be with less difficulty accomplished. Now all the bustle was over. Silence was brooding where lately there had been so much stir; and his beating heart told him the propitious time had come which must not be suffered to pass by. "Go to her now, and tell her all," whispered an inward prompting. "She is there behind the hedge, pensive at the water's brink. For these next hours your sister will be alone, and face to face, you can speak together freely and fully, without fear of interruption. Tell your story, plead your cause, endure her reproaches; receive from her perchance—but that is almost too much to hope for—some words of welcome. But be it of welcome or reproach, whatever she may say at this golden time, will be at least her own free utterance."

The counsel was convincing, was imperative; the thing was to be done, and would be done, Eustace Chalmers told himself. But reasons for delay argued importunately too. "Wait till she comes in," said one; "it will be easier to speak to her indoors." And so the time passed while he stood there, watching and dreading her re-entry. By and by—but it seemed an age first—the book-keeper appeared in the opening of the hedge, and

crossing the road, and ponderingly mounting the steps, entered the inn. But now hesitation put in its voice. "What will you say? How will you begin?" And the forecastings that ensued so unnerved their victim that he could no longer face them; and the thought of speaking to her in the house, too, almost stifled him. "Ah!" cried the sufferer, paralyzed with wavering, "why did I not join her awhile ago! She may not go out again, and if she does not, I have lost my chance." And in a fever of intermittent exasperation, Mr. Chalmers stood at his window, waiting, hoping, and despairing, as the long minutes passed and the book-keeper did not emerge, and not even a bird flew across the sky to break the torturing quiet.

It had occurred to the book-keeper that there might be company at the inn that night. If Goble and Lend were the purchasers, it was almost a certainty, she thought, that they would at once put in an appearance at Glencoonoge. What would be the import of their visit if they came in all the pride of ownership? It could hardly be favourable to her and Conn; but in any case it would reflect no credit on her management to be taken unawares. So Polly was told to kill and dress some fowl; and Mrs. Costello was reminded to look to her store of flour, bacon, butter, eggs, milk, and preserves, in case she were suddenly called upon to show her skill. Directly the book-keeper had turned her back, Mrs. Costello expressed to Polly a wish-to-my-goodness that the "bothersome business" might soon be settled once and for all, and decent folks be allowed to go back to their quiet ways. For that lately "herself" (the book-keeper) had got so feverish and fidgetty that there was no such thing as bearing with it. But in truth the book-keeper stood in too great awe of Mrs. Costello to approach her unnecessarily; and the mistress of the kitchen had not really had much to complain of. Polly, indeed, had worked like a horse for the last week, scouring the passages and the rooms; and to-day the book-keeper, as she wandered from one to another with a critical eye, felt satisfied that the new owner or owners must be very captious if they could find fault with the place on the score of want of cleanliness. Her tour of inspection over, she began to wonder at the lightness of heart with which she had made it; for latterly she had gone about the house with the shadow of the coming change always on her. To-day, however, there was no room for regrets, no pause to consider whether this or that was being done for the last time. The crisis was surely, by this, at

its height; and Conn had promised to hurry home and bring her quick tidings of what had happened. He might even now be on his way! she thought, anticipating, in her impatience, the time when that could have been possible; and there being nothing more to see to, she took up some sewing to busy her hands with, and sallied forth to look out for her husband's coming.

At her favourite seat at one end of the sea walk (the same where Conn and I had sat that night, many months ago now, and he had unbosomed himself of his fond despair) the book-keeper rested, after she had walked backwards and forwards for some time. Lifting her eyes presently, she saw "No. 7" standing at the end of the sloping pier, which the water was lapping with wavelets, for the tide was rising. He was standing, now looking out seawards, now regarding the inn and its surroundings, and presently his looks were turned in her direction.

"Poor young man!" she said to herself; "he is moping still, in spite of all our trying to rouse him; and, good gracious! how ill he looks! There! he sees me, and is turning back. I suppose he will wander off somewhere, and hide himself away for the rest of the day."

But she was mistaken. "No. 7" had begun to retrace his steps only that he might approach her. As he came near, the book-keeper was still more shocked to see how ghastly he looked; but he addressed her with unusual liveliness—in a tone of cheerfulness, in fact, which by contrast with his looks sounded insincere.

"I begin to think Mr. Shipley is right," he said. "The place is a perfect paradise."

"Ah!" said the book-keeper, shaking her head and speaking authoritatively, "you do wrong, sir, to stay in Glencoonoge. It is too dull, too lonely for you; you want change and movement. Or if you must stay, you should take more pleasure. Mr. Shipley used to amuse himself, in one way or another, all day long and every day. You might have gone to Lisheen to-day. It would have been an excitement. You could have had a seat in one of the boats, and welcome. The men are civil enough, though they seem rough, and can be so upon occasion; but a stranger, especially one so inoffensive, has nothing to fear. Besides, my husband was with them."

"No. 7" sat down on the bench near her.

"Why do you think the place too lonely for *me*? *You* do not seem to find it so."

"No," said the book-keeper, considering the point. "Not now. It is my home; I have no wish beyond it. But it was different once. It is a place where one can be sad, I know that well enough. That is partly why I often wonder how you can bear it. You surely have friends somewhere? Some one on whom you have the claim of blood or friendship? You are not fit to be alone."

"No. 7" laughed mockingly.

"I might journey round the world and yet come to no place where I have any stronger claims than I have here."

"Ah!" sighed the book-keeper, "have *you* no friends, either?"

"None."

"Are you in earnest? What! not a relative in all the world?"

"I did not say that. But relatives are not always friends. Even of those I have but a small stock—only one, a sister."

"Well—but she——?"

"Oh! she is married, and has other interests. I am nothing to her."

"How dreadful!"

"No, it is natural enough."

"Oh, no!" she returned, taking a rapid survey of him as he sat beside her on the bench, "I call it most unnatural."

"We have lived nearly all our lives apart—many thousand miles apart."

"Still, I cannot understand it," she remarked, stitching with easy regularity.

Suddenly she stopped, and dropping her hands into her lap, and looking into her companion's face, and speaking as if hurried on by some impulse, she said, "Why, I had a *brother* once—I can barely remember him;—a wild, ungovernable boy, with the adventurous and romantic blood of a sailor-grandfather. He was my mother's pride, and joy, and hope. Alas! while still a schoolboy he ran away to sea, and wrote a letter home saying he would come back rich and famous, or never. He left no trace behind; all efforts to discover him were fruitless; we never heard of him again. I was a child then, and I am grown up now and married—that will tell you many years have gone by since. He is dead, or certainly we should have heard of him

long ago. Sometimes I have thought, sometimes I still think—it is an idle fancy—supposing he did not die! Supposing he was alive, and yet had made no sign, during all those years when my father and mother were mourning his absence, and wishing, longing, despairing, and clinging achingly to hope; when things were all going wrong; when my father, broken in fortune and spirit, died, and my mother and I were left alone and needing help—his silence would have been hard and cruel, would it not, supposing him to be free and sane? impossible to excuse or defend, turn it how you will? Still, do you think he would be nothing to me if he were to return, or I heard that he was alive? I cannot understand your sister," she added, resuming her work and looking at him doubtfully between whiles, as if she was wondering on which side the fault lay.

But "No. 7" was apparently more willing to hear her story than to tell his own.

"And you hardly remember your brother?" he said, looking away. "It is strange he should ever come into your thoughts."

"It is a habit with me of long standing," said the book-keeper, talking on partly to humour him. "My mother never quite lost hope that Eustace—that was his name—would return. As her end drew near, she spoke of little else: and there were times during many years when she infected me with her belief that he was *not* dead."

"Do you believe so still?" asked "No. 7."

"Ah, no! That fancy has long ago died out. But it does not take much to bring my brother to mind. Sometimes it is one thing, sometimes another. I have thought very much of him lately; and why, do you suppose?"

"I cannot guess."

"Because of you."

"Of me!"

"Yes," she answered, laughing, "you were so anxious to buy my grandfather's portrait. I should be sorry, under any circumstances, to part with it, but I could hardly have resisted your offer if it had not been that——"

"Ay," said "No. 7," turning away again, and speaking as if he had a twinge of pain, "your husband has told me the reason."

"Come, now," said the book-keeper, lightly, when some minutes had passed, and "No. 7" still sat silent, looking out ahead with far-off eyes, "I have told you my family history—certainly I am changed; a few months ago I could not have

spoken so freely—may I ask you, in return, to gratify my curiosity? Really and truly, now—why are not you and your sister friends?”

“Partly for the reason I have given you—we know so little of each other.”

“And besides——?”

“Well, if you must know, partly because of her marriage. When I first heard of it, it filled me with despair and shame.”

The book-keeper was full of sympathy directly.

“Is her husband a bad man?”

“I don’t think he is,” hesitated “No. 7.” “No, I begin to think he is honest in his way. But what of that? It is not only that he is poor, but he is far beneath her in station. She is a lady, and he—little better than a labouring man. People should not think only of themselves when they marry. *Noblesse oblige* does not apply alone to titled aristocracy.”

“No?” said the book-keeper with cold deliberation.

“Ah! what have I said! I ought not to have spoken.”

“Eh? I do not understand you, sir.”

“I know too well I have no right to say anything that would cause you pain. Believe me, the words were out before I knew exactly what they were, or all that they implied. I spoke as I once thought, hardly as I think now.”

“You are very mysterious,” said the book-keeper, mentally casting about for his meaning. “Be as open as you like, if it relieves you to speak.”

“Well—as I may speak freely—I was afraid you might see a reference to yourself in my unlucky remarks about my sister’s marriage.”

A slight pallor overspread the features of the book-keeper, and the beating of her heart began to quicken.

“To me!” she faltered, “why to me?”

“Ah!” he returned, “blunderer that I am! I am wounding you; and yet you yourself have forced me to speak. It was not fair to urge me on.”

The book-keeper stopped working, considered, and then, looking him full in the face, said in a low tone of suppressed strength, “What do you mean, sir?”

“You know well enough I have seen that portrait in the house yonder. You yourself have just told me that it is the portrait of your grandfather. And who can pretend that that peasant stripling whom you have married—honest fellow though

he may be—is a fitting husband for the grand-daughter of Admiral Stanhope?"

She sprang from the seat with a gasp.

"Nay, do not be alarmed, do not go away. Sit down again. There! If I have stumbled on a secret that you wish kept concealed, your secret, depend on it, is safe with me, and goes no further without your leave."

She fixed her eyes upon him searchingly, but there was no guile in his looks, nothing but a grave sincerity.

"How do you know all this?"

"It is not the first time I have seen a portrait of Admiral Stanhope. He used to be held up to my admiration; his name is one of the earliest things I can remember; and—do you not know that it has been in people's mouths a good deal of late?"

"How?"

"People are wondering what has become of his grand-daughter," said the stranger.

"People were not wont to trouble themselves so much about her; what has set them talking of her now?"

"A young man hailing from Australia—a certain Eustace Chalmers, who says he is the grandson of Admiral Stanhope, has been making inquiries for his sister in all directions. His story is a strange one—some might think, incredible. For years he has been struggling uphill; so buffeted about by mischance and ill-success, that he had not heart to raise his voice, or make a sign, or do anything but hide his face. Till his return home lately—such is his account—he had heard nothing, suspected nothing of the terrible things that had happened in his absence—his parents' deaths, his sister's disappearance; and ever since, driven by a constantly increasing dread, he has been hurrying distractedly hither and thither trying in vain to find out where she is. There are some who pity him, and others who say he is mad. I have sometimes thought the same myself before now."

The book-keeper was pale and trembling. "Can it be possible! Sir! you are not trifling with me?"

"He is bewailing his selfishness, his folly, and his stupid pride, and well he may; an accumulated vengeance has overtaken him."

"Sir! what! For pity's sake! he is not dead?"

"No, no—he is alive and well."

"Eustace Chalmers! it must be he, it can be no other! Oh, where will a letter reach him? where is this young man to be found?"

"Who can say! Awhile back he was in London, then he was heard of in Ireland, and later on in France. But wherever he goes, it is with the one object—to discover his sister."

"Oh, how can I find him?"

"You would receive him? You wish to see him?"

"Can you ask? Oh, sir! you who know so much must know more. It is cruel to keep me in suspense! Where is he now?"

"Here, Janet; he is here, before you. I am Eustace Chalmers. My mother's prophecy was true. Can you forgive me?"

She could not speak at first, and then only beneath her breath: "Impossible! You! Number——!"

"Yes, I. Look, Janet, look! do you know that writing?" He took from his pocket a paper, unfolded, and held it towards her. It was her own letter to Miss Walsingham.

The colour had faded from her cheeks. She knew the letter. The diminutive of her name, long disused, struck familiarly on her ears, and like the sound of a well-known chord heard long ago, awoke old memories of her early home.

"These words," he said, still holding out the letter, "have been an unceasing cry in my ears calling me to the rescue. Alas, alas! that I should have come so late. How blind I was! Mr. Shipley can tell you that months ago he and I met for the first time by accident, and during an interval of forced inactivity we spent together, something—I don't know what—led me to talk of all that lay heavy on my heart. I was in this house the very night of your wedding, little dreaming whose it was. All next day Mr. Shipley and I were considering how I could find you; and when I went away so suddenly it was still in search of you. Ask Mr. Shipley. He can set your doubts at rest."

The book-keeper was watching him as he spoke. His arguments indeed confirmed his assertions; but she began also to see a look upon his face, certain passing expressions, a play of the eye and mouth in speaking, which she knew by heart.

"Nay, it is not that I doubt you—what reason can you have for wishing to deceive me? But I am stupefied. Give me a little time."

They sat silently there for a few moments looking out ahead, but seeing nothing, so preoccupied were they, until her brother, turning once more towards the book-keeper, saw that her eyes were brimming over, and that tears were streaming down her cheeks. He took her hand; he would have bid her not to cry, but the words failed on his lips. He knew how mixed must be his sister's feelings, and how natural it was that at such a moment old thoughts, old memories, old griefs and wishes were being reanimated, and giving birth to new and sharp regrets as poignant as his own.

"Say out what is on your mind, Janet," he said. "Reproach me to your heart's content. I am familiar with the bitter truth; the harshest things that you can think of will be mild compared with the self-upbraidings which have been racking me. I can bear the worst that you can say, if only afterwards, Janet, you will remember the claim of blood, and feel a little glad to see me."

"Oh, my poor wayward brother! how can you be otherwise than welcome. Reproach you, with your young grey hairs and hollow cheeks, and so many signs of suffering! You think because I do not jump about and laugh and clap my hands that I do not care;" and she looked him in the face again. "Oh, what a wonderful thing it is has happened! It overwhelms me, Eustace. It is all true—and I cannot believe it. I have so much cause for joy that I have lost the power to feel." But for all that, something choked her, and she could speak no more just then.

Some silent minutes passed. The brother sat with patient meditative face, still holding the hand she left in his, while she tried to stem the ever-rising tears. Presently she turned again to him with her eyes all red.

"What was it you said, Eustace? Something you said just now is hurting me. Ah, yes, I remember; but let it pass, we can talk of it again; tell me more about yourself."

"No, Janet, let me first draw out that pain, for I think I can. Unlucky words slip out unawares sometimes. I did not intend you should ever have known how much I was cast down at finding you—married. But let me hasten to say that I have had opportunities of judging, and all I have seen, and heard, and know, makes me believe that you are happy——"

"Yes, yes——"

"And that you did not make so bad a choice."

At his words of scanty praise, a glow of pleasure rushed warmly through her frame. "You will say so when you hear all, when you learn what a dark and solitary place the world was to me. You do not know, and if you are satisfied, Eustace, you need never know, what difficulties I had to face. I had not been trained to fight the battle of life. What the balmy air and warm sun of early summer are, after the long blowing of east winds, *that* is my husband's love to me. After all I had gone through, I was still so proud, I spurned and flung him back his love. And what a prize I was throwing away! Why he is a man apart, his character is unique. How brave and gentle, generous and strong, open and free of soul he is! For my sake never despise him, but treat him as a brother."

"And do you feel no pang, poor girl! to think that your marriage has cut you off for ever from the social rank in which you were born?"

"It was not my marriage cut me off. Poverty had done it long before. Oh, that dreary time when my mother and I were trying to live up to a position, and to keep up an appearance we could no longer maintain! And through it all to find our friends dropping away one by one! When my mother died, her small annuity died with her, and I had no power, even if I had had the heart, to continue the struggle. I fled away from it all, and at last found a hiding-place here. This position in which you see me has never been so full of humiliation as my former one had grown to be; I have cares and responsibilities, but how different from the ignoble cares which filled my life before! Oh, yes, I have found peace here, and happiness."

"Listen, Janet! I have not come home a beggar. The tide of fortune had turned in my favour before I left Australia. I shall go back there with new life, fired once more with an ambition—the ambition to restore you to that position in which but for my neglect you would now be. Was it poverty deprived you of it? then wealth shall give it back; and this husband of yours after all will not, I think, be so great a hindrance as I thought. This is a secluded place hardly heard of in the outer world; not known even by the birds of passage that fly through it in the summer-time. No one need ever learn that you are married to a peasant's son. And for the rest—I have been jealously watching this alert, active, bright-eyed and well-tempered youth, and I believe he won you by virtue

of fine traits in his character. His intelligence is quick, he has a natural good taste, and these will tell him what to do and what to avoid. His sympathetic temperament will make him friends. His physique, too, and his bearing are in his favour—tall, upright, fearless, having an ease and grace besides. He is so young, I do not see why these advantages, with the addition of a little veneer, should not make him capable after some time of holding his own in society. I remember from my own knowledge, and I have since both heard and read that, given wealth and the power that springs from it, the demands of society are not exorbitant. Conn, with his quick ear, would soon, under good tuition, lose the roughness of his brogue, and bring those cadences of voice under the discipline of monotony. With a little experience he would learn not to startle in company by expressing opinions not generally accepted, or by being too much in earnest. I am told he is a first-rate dancer. Why, the fashionable dances would be child's play to him! and depend upon it, he would make himself an agreeable partner: wait, wait—he should join some clubs. Irishmen are born politicians, and he might talk politics; it does not require much knowledge. He expresses himself fluently enough; he would soon be competent to chat about the last new play, and the private lives of the performers. I have no doubt whatever but that he will acquit himself well in all manly games and pastimes. No man with a figure like that," continued Eustace Chalmers meditatively, "could play billiards otherwise than well—in time. With his knowledge of horses, the chances are ten to one he would shine upon the turf. Yes, Janet, would it not be a pleasure to you, would it not be a noble reward to him who, when he was poor and knew that you were poor too, loved you for yourself alone; that he, I say, through you, should be lifted to your level; that he should be rich, courted, admired, flattered in the great world—*loved*, perhaps, by others not less than by yourself? But this is an ideal to be striven for and to be realized in the future; for the present we can only——"

"It shall never be realized," she interrupted almost fiercely; and then suddenly checking herself and looking at her brother steadfastly, she added, "perhaps you are warning me; there is no need, believe me."

"Warning you!" he repeated, astonished. "Has the prospect I hold out no attractions?"

The book-keeper only shook her head.

"Have you no ambition, Janet?"

"Only to keep what I have got. Experience has made me a coward. Having so much to lose, I cannot risk it."

"You would be content to go on living here as book-keeper in this inn!"

"I ask nothing better. I would be satisfied with even a poorer and a harder life so that it might be passed in Glencoonoge where my happiness has taken such deep root."

"Thank Heaven! still of the same mind!" muttered Eustace Chalmers beneath his breath, turning away and beating his foot upon the ground. "Now will fate still be against me? Will my plans at last cease to miscarry?"

Looking up just at that moment he saw a boat glide out from behind the point of Bruff Island. Gradually its head was turned in the direction of the inn. "What boat is that out yonder?" he asked.

"It must be Conn and the rest returning from Lisheen. Yes, it is Conn. Oh, how surprised and how glad he will be when he hears! Eustace, remember you and he are brothers. Once more, for my sake, do not patronize him, but be friendly."

"There must be two parties to a friendship, Janet."

"I will answer for him. Who is that in the boat with them?"

"It looks like Mr. Jardine."

"Or one of the firm of Goble and Lend?"

"Who are they?"

"People who bear us ill-will, which we shall be made to feel if they have bought the inn as we expect. I will tell you about them later on. Oh, you have much to hear! No, you are right. It is Mr. Jardine. What brings him, I wonder?"

They watched the boat approaching; it was making straight for the pier; no need now to creep along the winding channel, for the tide was full. A newer and more pressing interest had suddenly succeeded the one which had possessed the book-keeper's mind for many weeks past, down even to an hour ago; and she was less eager now to learn the news of which they in the boat must be the bearers, than to catch her husband's eye, draw him quickly apart, and tell him at once her strange intelligence. Their eyes soon met, and without waiting to consider what his cheerful waving of his cap might mean, she beckoned him to follow, and hurried up to the doorstep of the inn.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FATE OF "THE HARP."

EUSTACE CHALMERS, on the other hand, sauntered down to the pier's end, which he reached just as Mr. Jardine landed.

"Well?" he said, confronting the lawyer, somewhat to the latter's surprise. Those who had accompanied Mr. Jardine stopped in what they were doing to regard the questioner and hear what passed—their curiosity, which had been whetted by Mr. Jardine's obscurity all the way from Lisheen, being more than usually keen that day.

"Ha! My dear sir!" cried Mr. Jardine, shaking hands cordially with "No. 7." "You see I am as good as my word. But, bless my soul! what's the matter? You're looking out of health altogether."

"Never mind my looks. What have you to tell me?"

The lawyer shook his head. "The whole way across I've been moaning and groaning to myself; you never heard of such a price in all your life."

"And have you let the thing slip?" cried, almost screamed, Eustace Chalmers.

The lawyer took a step backwards, astonished at this outburst; but a glance or two at the darkness in the stranger's face reassured him. "I am safe," he thought; and he drew himself up and buttoned his coat.

"When Jeremiah Jardine undertakes a task," he said, slapping his chest, "he is not the man to fail—cost what it may. Sir, I give you joy. The inn is yours. Boys! three cheers for the new master of 'The Harp.'"

But the pacified stranger placing his hand over the lawyer's mouth, led him away, talking in rapid undertones. As for those appealed to, they were too much surprised to respond to the lawyer's invitation, even if the stranger had waited for their applause; and they could only look speechlessly at one another, and after the retreating pair.

Conn's eye was once more attracted by the impatient signs his wife was making to him from the doorstep. He at any rate would be beforehand with the lawyer in giving his wife this piece of information, which had taken away his breath and

upset anew all his calculations. Hurrying past the lawyer and his client, Conn followed his wife into the little parlour.

"Oh, Conn!" she said, going up to him and drawing his face down and kissing it, "I have such a strange thing to tell you."

Surely she does not know! was the disappointed thought which flashed through Conn's mind. She could not know—he only heard it himself a minute ago. But perhaps "No. 7" himself had told her while they were sitting there together.

"The stranger, Conn—'No. 7'——?"

"Yes," said Conn.

"Who took such a fancy to my grandfather's portrait and wanted to buy it——?"

"Well?"

"Who do you think he is?"

"Upon my soul, I can't guess," said Conn, as soon as a few seconds' reflection had completely mystified him.

"Think!" said his wife. "One of whom I have often talked to you. Oh! you are not accustomed to be so slow."

"For the life of me I can't think. Who is he at all?"

"My brother, Conn, my brother, whom I have never seen since I was a little girl, and had long ago given up as dead. Oh! if my mother had only lived to see him once more!" and she burst into tears.

"Your brother!" said Conn, in quiet tones and with a new intelligence, and speaking as if he were working something out in his mind. "'No. 7!' Sure 'tis he has bought the inn!"

"Good gracious!" gasped the book-keeper; but before either could say another word, the door had opened and closed behind Mr. Chalmers himself.

"Janet!" he said, coming up to his sister and taking her by the hand.

"Is it true that it is you who have bought the inn?"

At her question he darted a look from her to her husband.

"Ah!" he said, "you have been beforehand with me again," but with a kind look he held out his other hand to Conn. "Yes it is true," he continued, thus united with them both and looking from one to the other, "and if you are willing to stay, there is no reason now why you should ever leave Glencoonoge."

The book-keeper could only heave a great sigh of relief.

"That is, of course," he added, "if you are both willing to fall in with my conditions—and you will not find them hard

ones. We will talk of those by and by, not now—here is Mr. Jardine looking for me.”

The little lawyer came bustling into the room, not in the least conscious that the trio would gladly have spared his presence for awhile.

“*This* is where I find you all! My dear young lady, allow me to congratulate you, and to congratulate myself in having a hand in the most remarkable and the most romantic set of circumstances it has ever been my good fortune to unravel. And much assistance I had from any of you! They say women can’t keep a secret. Egad, ma’am, you kept yours close enough in all conscience; and if it had not been in the first place that I got a clue elsewhere”—looking at Mr. Chalmers—“and that the impressions derived from the quickness of my own perception were confirmed by what, without his being at all aware of it, I was able to extract from your husband there——”

“From me!” cried Conn, colouring, and with indignant incredulity.

Every one laughed at Conn’s astonishment, which could not have been more sincere if he had been the most reticent and discreet person alive.

“Nonsense, man,” continued Mr. Jardine, avoiding at all hazards the explosion which his timidity made him think was imminent, “there is nothing to regret or be ashamed of, my good fellow—(upon my word,” looking Conn up and down as if it struck him now for the first time, “as fine a young man as ever I saw! six foot one in his stockings if an inch!), and you may thank your husband, ma’am, for your discovery.”

“Listen!” exclaimed the book-keeper. “What is all that uproar in the hall? And look! the road is full of people!”

It was only that more boats had returned, and the people were flocking in from the village and the hills and the cabins in the immediate neighbourhood, and in their eagerness to learn the fate of “The Harp,” were invading the precincts of that venerable hostelry itself. When The O’Doherty and I arrived on the scene, the crowd was so dense that we dismounted at some distance off, and made our way to the inn with some difficulty on foot. Everybody was so intent on what they were discussing, that we were hardly noticed, and I paused an instant on the fringe of a group of which old Matt Dwyer was the centre—not now as oracle, but as listener to an excited account

of what had happened, delivered by Patsy Hoolahan to those gathered about him. Matt Dwyer listened with open mouth and with an astonishment that was almost apoplectic.

"D'ye tell me so!" he said between whiles; "and come all the way from Australia! It beats anything ever I heard. Begor! Dunn, the beggarman's brother, was nothin' to it, nothin' at all."

Father John apparently had arrived just before us. We found him in the crowded hall, where his bewilderment at the extraordinary state of affairs was increased by the contradictory information which a perfect Babel of voices was pouring into his ears. Learning at last where the book-keeper was to be found, he made for the bar parlour, where The O'Doherty and I followed in his wake. His appearance was a God-send to those assembled there, who were consulting anxiously as to how they could clear the house and shut the doors, without hurting the feelings of the people. But Father John was equal to the occasion, and bidding Conn follow and shut the hall door upon him as soon as he should be outside, he drove the people in the hall before him, and emerging himself last of all, stood upon the doorstep facing the crowd.

"My friends," said he, "you've heard now all that is to be heard for the present about the events of this day; and I assure you, you know a great deal more about them than I do myself. So now disperse, and go quietly to your homes, and not be making confusion worse confounded. You haven't forgotten what I said to you last Sunday—that the station will begin to-morrow. Sure what else have I come for here to-day, but to hold the same. And let every man, woman, boy, girl, and child amongst you that's old enough, be at Mass to-morrow at five o'clock. And for goodness' sake, don't be putting off your confessions till the end of the time, and then be coming in scores, driving me distracted with the numbers of ye. Remember what I tell ye. So now, my dear people, go quietly to your homes, and God be with yez."

We were all at the window within, listening to Father John, and saw the crowd move lingeringly away, casting back glances at him and at the inn windows, and heard the people's conversation as they retreated rise from a murmur to a buzz, which presently died away in the distance.

But long before this, *our* tongues were at work again, and we all found ourselves in a perfect maze of explanations, apologies, congratulations, and invitations.

"Professional duty, my dear sir," I heard Mr. Jardine saying to The O'Doherty, with hardly a trace of trepidation in his tone. "Private friendship must give way to professional duty;" and at the same moment Mr. Chalmers, with his sister by his side, and Conn standing not far off, looking wistfully at them both, was saying as I gave him joy,

"You must stay to dinner and drink our healths in some of the old wine in the cellar."

"If I dared," I answered. "But it is my last night here. To-morrow I start for England."

"To-morrow!" echoed Conn and his wife.

"To-morrow!" said Mr. Chalmers, "all the more reason why you should not refuse to-night."

"But how can I leave——" I hesitated, but Mr. Chalmers cut me short, saying:

"Don't leave her, bring her with you."

I could see from the book-keeper's eyes that nothing would please her better than the recognition of her status that would be implied by Alicia's coming; but she said nothing. As for Conn, he seemed to me not quite to understand it all, nor to be altogether easy in his mind.

Here The O'Doherty bore down upon us and broke in with:

"God bless my soul! Can I believe my eyes? Mr.—, upon my word I can't think of your name at this moment; but what matter? My dear sir, I'm delighted to see you, and to find you so far on the way to recovery. And what's this I hear? I declare, sir, I give you joy from the bottom of my heart on every ground. I'm afraid," he added a little doubtfully, "I was not over civil the last time we met? Och! sure it was all a mistake."

"Say no more, sir," said Mr. Chalmers, "it was nothing."

"Sir, my judgment was rash," broke out The O'Doherty emphatically. "It was worse, sir, it was wrong. It is at once a regret and a pleasure to me to find that I was mistaken. You will do Madame O'Doherty and myself equal honour and pleasure, sir, by dining with us this evening at the Castle with my friend here and Mr. Jardine."

"Another time," said Mr. Chalmers. "To-night I must act the host myself, and I beg all here, and you, sir, and as many of your household as are willing, to be my guests under this roof in two hours' time to wish me and my newly-found brother and sister here, long life and happiness."

"The man would have a heart of stone who could refuse," said The O'Doherty, energetically. "What do you say, Horace?"

Well, no matter what I said. Father John re-entered at this moment, and The O'Doherty and I hurried home to bid the ladies get ready. But Madame O'Doherty was prostrate with a bad headache, and The O'Doherty refused to leave her. So it was arranged that Bell should accompany Alicia and me to spend the evening at "The Harp." It was a very quiet party. Of the dinner itself I will only note that Mrs. Costello, when complimented afterwards, explained that the sight of the new master had put her on her metal; and that she thought now he would be willing to admit that he had learnt *something* in Ireland, travelled though he might be in foreign parts, and no doubt a judge of good cooking. Father John sat in the centre, on his right Mr. Chalmers, and on his left the book-keeper; and next to the book-keeper her husband, uneasy for a time, and anxious to run away and take part with his brothers in bringing in the dishes; and on our side Alicia was next Mr. Chalmers, and I next Alicia, and next me Bell, and next Bell Mr. Jardine, who had Conn for his neighbour completing the circle. Mr. Jardine was the life and soul of the party, drank wine with everybody, and was particularly attentive to Bell, whose straight answers, and unhesitating expression of her wishes and opinions, filled him from time to time with a startled admiration. The rest of us, if the truth must be told, were by no means merry, but I think we were all happy enough. We talked in couples for the most part—Bell and Mr. Jardine, as I have said already, Alicia and I, the priest and the stranger, and Conn and his wife. If the rest were as interested in their conversation as Alicia and I, they were not to be pitied. When the three ladies left us after dinner, I found myself sitting next Mr. Chalmers for the last time. Naturally on such an occasion we got once more upon the topic which had been the staple of our intercourse whenever we had met. I told him again how glad I was that things had turned out so fortunately, and I asked him point-blank what he was going to do with his purchase. Was he going to settle down in Glencoonoge, and give up his Australian career?

"No, that would never do," was his answer; "my success there is only in its infancy; with development it will be worth fifty things like this. No, I have another plan. For good or

for evil, for better or worse, my sister and that rustic yonder are man and wife. They might have accompanied me across the seas, and shared in the prosperity of the store; but such a move would have been risky. Neither of them might have taken kindly to the new life. And besides I have a partner, and am not omnipotent out there. I propose that these two shall become the proprietors of this inn. My sister's half I shall give her absolutely; the other half shall be the young man's if he will work for it, and buy it from me. Do you think he will fall in with that?"

My eye had rested upon Conn Hoolahan several times as he sat alone taking no heed of the conversation of the priest and the lawyer, and oppressed with a moodiness that sat strangely upon him. I thought I divined the cause, and consequently heard Mr. Chalmers' "plan" with a sense of relief. "Ask him," I said to Mr. Chalmers, nodding in Conn's direction.

Conn looked up at the same moment and found the stranger's eye upon him. The latter smilingly beckoned him across, and Conn came round and sat with us.

"I have been airing my plan to Mr. Shipley; but as you are the interested person, you ought, I think, to be taken into our counsels. What am I to do with 'The Harp'—this white elephant I have got on my hands? It will have cost me nearly everything I have in the world, more than it is worth, I fear. I cannot stay here to work it. And yet I can't afford to give it all to Janet, which is what I should like to do."

"Oh, sir!" said Conn, "why did you ever come? We were unequal enough before, but at least our fortunes did not differ much. But now owing everything to her, I shall be no longer a man in her eyes—nor in my own for that matter. She was content with *me* before, but what can she do in a little while but be sorry that she isn't married to some man who could take her out into the world and offer her other things—as well as honest love?"

Conn's words alarmed me. But the displeasure I anticipated did not overspread Mr. Chalmers' face. He listened keenly, and there was a glistening in his eyes when Conn had said his say. He had touched a chord in the young husband's nature to which his own responded, and his sympathy went out to the poor peasant's pride. He let a moment pass without answering, and then,

"Don't think it, Hoolahan," he said. "Janet will never

again care for any one as she does for you, who guarded her when she had no friend in all the world. You will always stand first in her eyes. But there is something, too, in your objection. Could we not arrange it in this way? Here is the inn. The half of it I bestow as a free gift upon my sister. The other half shall be yours to buy from me—if you will. You shall pay me by instalments spread over what number of years we may agree upon. Ten years hence, let us say, with care, prudence, steadiness, economy, 'The Harp' may be yours and Janet's to hand on to your children and your children's children."

"Let me buy the whole of it, sir," said Conn eagerly, stretching out his hands. "It would only take a longer time."

"Well," said Mr. Chalmers, "I see we shall somehow come to an agreement. But you had better consult your wife. She has heard nothing of this as yet. Janet may not let you have it all your own way. Perhaps she won't be willing to owe everything to you, any more than you are willing to be completely beholden to her."

"Tisn't quite that, sir, either."

"Well, settle it between you. We will talk of this again. For to-night let us remember our guests, and don't be less happy than the rest of us—brother," and Eustace Chalmers held out his hand.

"Oh, sir!" was all that Conn could say as their hands closed together; but he understood. The flush that overspread his face, the bright soft look in his eyes as they met the stranger's, conveyed, more unmistakeably than words, the response of his Irish heart to this covert appeal for friendship.

Conn did brighten up considerably; it could be told by the cleared expression of his face and his renewed interest in everything that was said and done. We presently left Father John and Mr. Jardine over their punch (they had got deep into politics, and arguing chiefly with a view to confuting each other, had already without knowing it changed sides more than once), and went in search of the book-keeper and her companions. These we found together in the old parlour which seemed to me on that last night of my stay in Glencoonoge to be so full of recollections. Alicia and Bell, under the guidance of the book-keeper, had been inspecting the deserted bar and its mysteries; and Bell had handled pewters and glasses, had turned taps, pulled handles, served imaginary customers, held imaginary

parleys with them, all in a tone and with a dash that made the book-keeper love her, and had the effect of shocking Alicia unspeakably. And afterwards seated in all sorts of attitudes around the fire—it was chilly still these May evenings—the book-keeper had told them that customers were not always pleasant, and of the row there had been that night when Conn had got the scar upon his forehead. And she told them, too, silent and wondering at her story, much about herself, and how her brother, long thought to be dead, had sought her for many months, and in the most wonderful and unheard-of way had found her at last. Many were the sighs and exclamations of sympathy and surprise that filled up the pauses, and many the inquiries as to what her feelings were in this or that dilemma, and great Alicia's wonderment that the book-keeper had never guessed who "No. 7" was. When at last we came in, the two girls said little, and did nothing but steal shy glances at Conn and at the mysterious stranger, who on his side was utterly silenced by their presence.

The evening had worn rapidly away. It was now past nine o'clock, and my charges warned me it was time to be going home.

"And look outside!" cries Alicia; "it is a lovely moonlight night. Why should we not all stroll together as far as the castle gates?"

The book-keeper in the best of spirits jumped up and said she would come, and she brought her hooded cloak. Mr. Chalmers excused himself, saying he must not desert his good friend Mr. Jardine and Father John.

"They don't want you," said I; "they are having a pitched battle, and if you go back you will stop their enjoyment."

"I'll wait for them here, then," and he shook hands with the girls and with me, wishing me a pleasant journey on the morrow.

"There are roses somewhere not far off," cried Bell, sniffing as we emerged into the open air.

"Have you forgotten our famous tree?" said the book-keeper. "It is laden down this year with buds. Some are just opening, and you shall have some to take home."

It was thoughtless indeed of Bell not to have remembered the old white rose tree that for many years had been the pride of "The Harp." Conn had trimmed it year by year till now it grew over the whole of the west wall, and over half the front of

the inn. The flowers were most accessible at the side, the book-keeper said, and we followed her along the garden pathway past the front windows of the inn. Then there ensued a series of cries and laughter as the womenkind in the dark pricked themselves in trying to break the thorny stems, and made their fingers bleed. But Conn came to the rescue, and, with his horny hands and high reach, saved every one a world of trouble. We were returning laden with treasure—Bell leading this time—when just as she was crossing again before the window of the room we had just left, she stopped, and motioning us to make no noise, stood looking in. We all gathered round, following her example. There was no one in the room but Mr. Chalmers. He had thrown himself into Mrs. Ennis' great arm-chair, and with his cheek reclining on his hand was resting there with closed eyes, as one might for whom a long day's work and a task accomplished have earned an interval of peace and quiet.

"Come away, don't waken him," whispered some one; and we all moved noiselessly on.

"Won't you come, Conn?" I called to him, as he remained upon the door-step, looking after us when we began to walk homewards.

"That I will, sir," he cried, when he saw I had fallen behind the rest, and he joined me just as he was, bare-headed.

The moon high over the lake shone down upon its waters, and on the islands and on the forested hills, and on the distant mountains distinct in the clear air many miles away. It was an idyllic scene, so calm, so unearthly beautiful, it seemed a desecration to talk in ordinary parlance, and Conn and I for a time were silent, while the book-keeper, and the two girls in their white dresses, glided on before, like spirits luring and mocking us with their bright voices and soft laughter.

"So you go to-morrow, sir," said Conn at length.

"Yes."

"You have made a long stay this time. I hope you will come again, sir."

"Not so long as on some former occasions."

"Perhaps not, sir. But so many things have happened——"

"Ah, yes. Poor Mrs. Ennis! And then there was your wedding, and my own engagement."

"Ah, sir," said Conn, triumphantly, with a bit of a laugh, too, "didn't I always say how it would be? and you wouldn't believe me. Why the pair of you were cut out for each other. But a

year! Is it wait a whole year? Troth, I never heard of such a waste of time."

"It is very kind of you, Conn, to be so concerned for me. I should have thought the events of to-day would have put everything else out of your mind; they have out of mine. Don't you feel queer at all?"

"I can hardly believe it yet, sir, that's the truth," he answered. "I hardly know where I am, and I'm not sure, when all's said and done, whether I have a right to be glad. The more I think of it, the more it seems to me that Mr. Chalmers' proposal is nothing better than a gift."

"What! If you pay him back the price of the inn?"

"But if he didn't give me the inn first to make the profit out of, how could I ever pay him back what it cost?"

"Well yes, that is true enough, no doubt; and to that extent you will always be under an obligation to your brother-in-law. But what would become of the whole system of commerce if some such arrangement as that by which I hope you are going to benefit were not the rule," and I proceeded to explain in a rough way that nearly all enterprise had for one of its conditions borrowed money or merchandize; and that the vivifying touch, which made these things productive, was the labour and the energy of man. "It must be a stimulating thought," I concluded "(when a man is going to reap the fruit of his labour), to reflect that while he is working, he is putting in motion that germinating power, without which all the loans or gifts or help in the world would be unproductive. What does your wife think of her brother's plan?"

"What time have I had to tell her yet? But we'll talk of it as we go home."

The three were standing at the gate opening into the Castle grounds, awaiting us, and here we all said good-night; the book-keeper and the girls kissed, the latter shook hands with Conn, surprised and abashed; and I said good-night and good-bye to the new owners of "The Harp," and thanked them for old hospitality, and promised to return in the happy days coming. Then we three passed the gate and hurried along the broad walk gleaming in the moonlight; and Conn and his wife turned back the way we had all come, down the grovy road darkened by the meeting of branches high overhead.

"Is it not beautiful to-night!" fervently exclaims Alicia,

looking up into the illumined sky and at the clumps of solemn trees, "and what a pity it is to have to go home!"

"We needn't go home yet," said Bell; "let us walk about, or let us go and look at the waterfall with the moon shining on it."

Can you imagine a suggestion more palatable to a pair of lovers? But so unconscious a girl is Bell, and so unsophisticated, that it never occurred to her that there are times when two are company and three are none. Still, we made for the waterfall, striking across the grass in a direction away from the Castle that presently led us down a gradual declivity until we reached the level ground bordering the bay, and raised only a little higher than the level of its waters. Here the thick overgrowth above our heads shut out the moonlight except in those places where its rays pierced through apertures, and threw a trellis-work of light upon our path. Not that the want of light much mattered. I knew the way by heart, and so I think did Alicia: we had paced the walk together many a time in those early spring days when the branches were bare, and our loves were budding. By and by we came to the opening in the land by which the mountain stream makes its way into the lake, and we stood a moment on the brink to watch its moonlit waters mingle silkily with the tranquil deep. Then we turned inland and began to ascend its course. I led the way upwards, clambering over mossy stones, feeling for footholds, leading Alicia, who in her turn drew her sister after her: and thus we mounted until we came in view of the waterfall. The moon shone full on it foaming as it fell from ledge to ledge, rushing busily with many a twist and turn, shimmering now without a sound in some wide basin, and again with a downward leap frothing madly in narrowed channels between rocky walls and boulders strewn midway in its course as it hurried onwards towards the calm sea-lake. High shrubbery overshadowed us as we faced the fall, but the pale moonlight which filled the sky and made a pathway along the surface of the inland sea and threw into relief the jagged mountain tops, fell unhindered on the other side of the narrow gorge where just opposite, and quite close, lay a stretch of level sward emerging from a gloom of forest trees behind.

Said Alicia, "Wouldn't it be nice to dance upon that bit of grass beyond?"

"Trip, trip, upon the green, and yet no footing seen?" I asked.

"Oh yes, Horace, that is what I should like of all things," answered Alicia; "but midsummer is the time for that—there will be acorns then."

"Acorns?" asked Bell.

"Elves live in acorn-cups, don't they?" said Alicia, appealing to me.

"Of course they do."

"And in fox-gloves and under ferns, and in the hollows of great trees; and this is just about the hour when they come out, and if they hear a footfall they hide on the dark sides of the blades of grass, or skip away into the blackness."

"If we could only keep silent long enough we might see them at their tricks, for we are in shadow and invisible," said I.

"Let us try," said Alicia.

At which Bell laughed; but falling in with the conceit, held her breath like her sister, and looked and listened.

Presently a sound, faint, and hardly defined at first, broke through the noise of the rushing waters, and when presently it became more distinct, Bell whispered,

"Don't you hear a voice?"

By now it was unmistakeable. It sounded clear, and was coming nearer, talking volubly. Then it ceased, and we strained our ears in vain.

We were still waiting in a state of tension, looking in the direction we thought the voice came from, when suddenly my blood ran cold, and Alicia and Bell clung to me on either side, as there glided slowly out of the gloom on to the shining sward two figures—one a young man's, slender, straight, and tall; the other a graceful woman's, cloaked and hooded. She was tall, too, but her head only reached as high as the man's shoulder. Their eyes seemed bent upon the ground in front of them, and they moved forward mutely until they reached the edge of the narrow gorge which divided us from them. Then the man spoke—it was the voice we had heard, and his tones rang out like a bell.

"This is the boundary."

"As far as this!" answered his companion. "I have never been here before." And then after an interval, "Look yonder at the moon upon the sea! Conn! it is all a dream; it cannot be true!"

"Very well," answered the man's chiming voice; "wait till he tells you himself. But I tell you again: 'tis as true as to-morrow.

And when you find I'm right, say once more that you'll consent to what I've set my heart on, Jane, and that you won't be too proud to let your husband have a hand in the making of your fortune."

She laid her cheek against his arm. "Faithful boy! What would be all the world to me without you?"

"And spite of all the luck that's come, you would not wish untied the knot that binds us two together whilst we live?"

"Conn!"

"Don't be vexed now, Jane. You never gave me cause for it—but—well, open confession's good for the soul—and I may as well tell you that when I heard the news, a dread came over me that it would hardly be in flesh and blood for you not to wish that you had married instead some man better born, knowing more, more fitting for you every way——"

"Hush, Conn! What do you take me for? I wonder at you!"

"Forgive me, then, my darling. I know I'm a fool," exclaimed Conn, delighted and reassured. "As soon as I've said a thing, I wish I hadn't spoke. So forgive and forget, and kiss me, honey."

His arm was round her as he bent his head to meet her upturned lips. "You are trembling with cold," he said, alarmed, as he wrapped the cloak closer about her, and drew on the hood again. "Let us go home, Jane, in a hurry," and he made as if to move on. But she detained him, saying,

"Rest a moment longer. This great calm over all things is so beautiful!"

Conn looked up into the sky. "There'll be no rain to-night," said he. "'Twill be like this all through. And then the moon'll go down into the sea just behind there where the hill slopes up out of the waves, and the sky'll grow white behind us, and standing here ye'd be able to see the end of the bay and the Atlantic stretching away, away, for ever. 'Twill be a grand morning!"

"I'm glad we came this way," said the book-keeper, looking round once more, and then following her husband's lead as he began to pick his way down, holding her hand. "But you said it was shorter, and I don't believe it is."

"It is then," said the receding voice of Conn; "and besides, how did we know going along the dark road that there mightn't be some one listening to what we'd say?"

The book-keeper responded to this, but her tones were less clear than Conn's, and even *his* rejoinder had now become inarticulate to our ears. Still we did not move until even the sound of their happy voices had quite died off in the distance. Then we crept stealthily from our dark corner, startled by every rustle that we made, and looking back at every step to make sure that the vision had not reappeared to witness, spectre-like, our guilty escape. A few minutes later we had surmounted the remaining obstacles, and having completed our ascent were walking soberly across the grass towards the Castle, I for one feeling rather uneasy in mind.

"We ought not to have been there," I said at last.

"What could we do?" exclaimed Alicia. "At first we were too much frightened to speak, and afterwards we couldn't put them to the pain of knowing we had seen and heard everything!"

"I wouldn't have missed it for the world," said Bell.

"That they are very happy there can be no doubt," said I, "and I believe they will always be so. She is a noble creature, is she not? And what an honest poor fellow that is! Did you hear? he'd sooner his wife should love him and hold him in esteem, than have all the money in the world. These Irish peasants have an unworldly spirit of that kind in their blood. It has made them for conscience' sake forego material prosperity through all their history. I don't think Conn's head will be turned by good fortune."

"But it is rather sad," I resumed, when neither Alicia nor Bell took up or pursued my argument, "it is very sad to think of that unfortunate Mr. Chalmers. He has behaved most generously; and yet there he is out of it all, as one may say, sitting there at the inn, all alone by himself, and hardly a sharer in the happiness he has caused."

"It is his own fault," said Alicia, promptly. "I am sure he is very dull. Why, when he came in to us to-night, he had not a word to say for himself. No doubt he has gone through a good deal; still, it is a pity when people cannot be a little cheerful. I have no sympathy with him at all."

"I—don't—know," said honest Bell, in a ruminating way. "I'm not so sure. I rather like your gloomy men."

CHAPTER XXIX.

CONCLUSION.

WHY did the sun shine so softly over the mountains and the sea next morning when I threw my window open, and drank in the sweet young summer air! Why did "The Harp," shrunk small in the distance, nestle alluringly by the roadside at the water's edge at the foot of the quiet hills! Why did the tinkling chapel bell sounding, not from the church turret rising picturesquely above the trees, but from the ragged barn away out of sight in the poor village, why did it ring out! Other feet might hurry along the hedged roads, or down the sloping paths of the hill-sides, to the opening of the Station; other eyes might feast upon the freshness of the year, or watch the new development of the old inn's history; but I, unhappy! was to turn my back on everything that had been my life for many months past, and for a time to have neither eyes, nor ears, nor heart for anything.

No. As I look back there is no more pleasure in my recollections—not in the bustle which preceded my setting out, not in my parting with Alicia, not, oh no! not in the desolation of the drive to Lisheen. At Lisheen I had to wait a few minutes while they put fresh horses to, and I ran down to the strand to look my last towards Glencoonoge. Faint and colourless as were their outlines, I could recognize the shapes of some of the well-beloved hills. The sight of them was full of so sharp a sadness, that I was almost glad when the coach started again, carrying me away from them for good and all. Late in the day I reached Dunmagee, where there is a terminus; and there I took train. At Newtown Junction, where there is a railway hotel, there was a wait of two hours at midnight. I was too restive to sleep, too eager now to be in Liverpool to miss a single train, and for two long hours I paced that dreary platform. In time I got to Dublin, and, on the evening of the second day after leaving Glencoonoge, was steaming up the Mersey.

October, 1880.—Quick! let me make a final record. This is the last day I can write. To-night this history must be locked away, to be re-opened—when? June, July, August, September—all through this time I have worked so hard, and with such regularity, that my father, who received me at first with

sternness, gradually relaxed. Never in our lives have we got on so well as latterly. Before, we seemed to have no tastes in common, and never to have anything to say. But now we talk shop, and it is wonderful how interesting our conversations are. I never had any idea before, how fluent my father can be when he likes, or that he was a man of so much information. Certainly he has had a wonderful variety of experience, and his knowledge of human nature is such as no one would have expected. I was thinking this one evening as we sat over our wine when, looking up, I found his eyes fixed on me, and he remarked that he thought that Glen—what did I call it? eh? ah, yes! Glencoonoge—he wasn't so sure but that it was a health-giving place after all. I showed him not long afterwards a photograph of Alicia I had lately received. I believe he was taken with her appearance; because some days later he called for a sight of her again, and then pronounced her to be "a nice little missy"—which is a good deal, coming from a stolid man like my father. By and by, he added (greatly to my surprise) that it was a pity we were situated as we were, living, that is, in a house without a mistress to it, because it would be awkward to ask Alicia on a visit; but that perhaps it might be managed through Clementina, and he would have a talk with her about it. Now my sister Clementina has done nothing since my return home but pick holes in my matrimonial designs. Clementina's one idea is money. She herself has made what everybody calls a splendid match, and my father gave her a good portion at her marriage; and she is constantly asking how much money Alicia is likely to have. I think that Clementina is the most uninteresting person I know. What Hudson can have seen in her to marry puzzles me. It can't have been her money, for he has plenty of his own. And then she turns up her nose at anything Irish! I hate going to her house, it is all heavy mahogany; everything matches; the fittings and the hangings and the carpets are of the newest, and made, and put up, and laid down, by the best upholsterers in Liverpool. There are solemn footmen, with loud voices, and great calves, and powdered heads, all over the place. The etiquette and formalities at Clementina's are as strict as at any court—it's dreadful! so dull! not a bit of nature anywhere! Where did she get such a taste from? Our father is quite a self-made man, his tastes are as plain now as they were when he was a navvy working on a railway, and he doesn't set so very much store by

money either. But Clementina, as she sits fanning herself, asks, "How much money will Alicia have?" or, "Is she *very* Irish? Has she a horrid brogue? Perhaps a few hundreds! Perhaps nothing at present! Why can't you marry an English girl, Horace, before it is too late? I know of more than one good *partie*."

Imagine Alicia on a visit with a woman like that! My sweet girl would soon have pined away with misery; her refinement would have been wounded at every turn by Clementina's vulgarity of feeling: or worse still, she might have become tainted with it, and have thought that, in assimilating it, she was improving herself. In the last case I should fall out of love with Alicia; in the former, she would cease to care for me on account of my belongings—disaster either way!

No. In debating this matter with myself I came to two resolutions. First, that Alicia should not, if I could prevent it, go on a visit to Clementina. Second, that when we marry our aim shall not be to live in style; moreover, I shall be very particular whom we know, and we shall see as little as possible of *some* people. Therefore I told my father next day that I was so bound up in Alicia, that, if she were in Liverpool, I should be able to think of nothing else; I should never be away from her side, and business would go to the wall. Therefore, perhaps, with a view to hastening the time of our marriage, it would be better for a little time longer—say, two or three months—to keep my nose to the grindstone.

My father warmly applauded my suggestion. "I'm very proud to hear you talk like that, my boy," he said. "Stick to that! you'll be glad of it some day. And as for marrying—there's no hurry. I didn't marry myself till I was six-and-thirty, and you won't be so old these seven years. There's plenty of time."

So far so good, but—that was all very well; who was to guarantee Alicia for the next seven years? Things don't move so slowly nowadays as when my father was young. Seven years, indeed! Why already Alicia's letters were beginning to be less regular; there were allusions to Mr. Chalmers not so candid or as copious as I should have liked. It seemed as if he was at the Castle a good deal—constantly at the Castle. And Alicia's references to him, while continuing to be very guarded, were growing perceptibly warmer in tone. Seven years! A little time ago I was content with the prospect of living all my

life a bachelor ; but now—no thank you, I would sooner die young. So that you see I have been a good deal tortured latterly, in one way or another, and have been losing patience more and more. But, hurrah ! It's all right ! I have triumphed over opposition, and start for Glencoonoge to-morrow. No more waiting ! no more nonsensical delay ! Pack clouds away ! Open, desk ! and take these latter sheets. Lie locked in there, compactly all in order, ye written pages ! And go thou with them, welcome letter, that hast resolved my doubts, and steeled my nerve, and urged me on to victory. Yet, having read thee fifty times already, let me read thee once again right from the beginning, that I may come all unawares upon those thrilling final lines, which have made me snap my leading-strings, and left me free to leap to my Alicia's arms.

Glencoonoge Castle,

October 18, 1880.

Dearest Horace,—You say you like my nonsense, but don't expect any nonsense in this letter, because there is so much news that I have no time even to say that I am always thinking of you. In the first place, what do you think has happened at the inn ? Men are so stupid, you will never guess, so I must tell you. The most beautiful little boy in the world ! Such a dear little fellow ! and such lovely eyes ! Only a week old, and so intelligent already ! Your friend Conn as proud and delighted as possible, and so bashful that it makes us all laugh. He doesn't know which way to look. For the matter of that nobody would take any notice of him, if it were not that he seems somehow to interest the baby, which stares at its father with an astonished expression quite as if it wonders what he wants and where he has sprung from. Indeed, it has reason to wonder, for Conn is always regarding his son with such a prolonged and beatific beam that the unsophisticated child may well be puzzled. It is well it was not born before. Oh ! the inn has been so full all the summer. Luckily there are very few visitors now, and they are all leaving, because they say they can't get any attention. Mrs. Brosnan, the nurse, says she believes the cook, the maids, the waiters, the boatmen, the drivers, and the servants generally, do nothing all day but lie in ambush for her appearance with the baby, for she can't at any time leave the mother's room with it, that she is not immediately surrounded, and the wonder is that the child can breathe. It is the greatest mercy, Mrs. Brosnan says, that the little fellow is blessed with the finest pair of lungs she ever met with. What a comfort that is ! but how can she tell, Horace ?

The only person who takes the matter coolly is the child's uncle. Do you know I have got to like him ever so much better. You would hardly know him, he is so much brighter, and very pleasant to talk to. We have seen a good deal of him as you know ; but the least thought

of anything never occurred to me. You know how gloomy I always thought him. Bell said she liked it; but I didn't. I thought the more cheerful he became, the nicer he was; but Bell apparently ceased to take any interest in him, just in proportion as he became more like other people. All along he has been telling us how important it was that he should return at once to Australia, that his partner has been sending him imploring letters by every post, and that things were going to wrack and ruin on account of his absence; in fact the wonder was, what was keeping him at all. Now be prepared for a great surprise. The day before yesterday he proposed by letter for Bell, having come to an understanding with Bell first. Papa was furious; said at once he would not hear of it. But Bell declared that sooner than give up Mr. Chalmers, she would elope. At all events it is settled, and they are to be married at once, and they will start for Australia almost immediately.

I am so glad, are not you? I am sure you will be, because you always said it was a pity his thoughts so persistently turned upon by-gones; and that it was a pity he couldn't somehow or another be drawn into the vortex of the present, and forget his regrets in the buoyancy of his hopes. Was not that what you said? I am sure about "vortex," but for the rest, I only know it was one of those sayings which papa thinks over and admires so much, and which I *know* are clever because I don't understand them. But there is one most serious consideration, Horace, about all this. I am in the position now, of having to be bridesmaid to Bell; whereas I thought Bell was going to be mine! It makes me feel at times quite vexed, because, you know, I am a year older than Bell, who is now turned eighteen. And then I say to myself, "What does it matter? I am glad because Bell seems so happy about it, and I think he is a good fellow." But really!—oh, well, never mind. But it *would* be nice if Bell and I could be married together, wouldn't it? and then Flossie and Fluffie could be bridesmaids to both of us, and the one wedding would do, and it would save so much trouble. Couldn't you put it in that way to your father? But I forgot—it doesn't affect him. Do you think if you were to threaten to elope, that *that* would have any effect? Do write by the next post and tell me what you think. Patsy Hoolahan is keeping the mail car below for this letter, and I know, by the way he is cracking his whip, that he is afraid of being late. So, as I am anxious you should have this by the day after to-morrow, I mustn't stop to write any "nonsense," as you call it. So good-bye in a great hurry with a thousand thousand loves and fond kisses from your own,

ALICIA.

P.S.—Be sure I hear from you by return.

THE END.

Reviews.

I.—LIFE OF BLESSED JOHN FISHER.¹

THOUGH the title-page does not state that this is the second edition of Father Bridgett's admirable *Life of Blessed John Fisher*, the book begins with a "Preface to Second Edition." We welcome with joy the proof this re-issue affords us, that the author's solid, painstaking research, combined with a scholarly critical faculty and a clear, interesting style, have been appreciated, and we trust that many more editions may be called for. In this book we have a great subject, worthily treated, and, though this is by no means the first time that Fisher's life has been written, it certainly is the first time it has been written worthily. This book will go down to posterity as *the* Life of Blessed John Fisher.

The fruit of Father Bridgett's study subsequent to the publication of his first edition, is to be seen in an Appendix of more than fifty pages, filled with curious and interesting matter. The only fault we have to find is that a little Index has not given us the headings of this Appendix, the Chronological Table serving as an Index to the bulk of the book. The points of interest in the Appendix are many and various, showing the breadth of Father Bridgett's reading, and his remarkable diligence. We have, for instance, a very curious passage on the Holy Maid of Kent, translated from an Essay by Blessed Edmund Campion; unfavourable to her, we are sorry to see. Father Bridgett quotes it only as showing "how the story was accepted in Elizabeth's days."

The new details respecting the martyrdom are of great biographical importance. Amongst other things, Father Bridgett draws from an eye-witness the fact that the Martyr lay flat on the floor of the scaffold with his face downwards, which shows that the block was merely a log, and not such a one as is now shown in the Tower, and is represented on Father Bridgett's

¹ *Life of Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, and Martyr under Henry VIII.* By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. London: Burns and Oates, 1890.

cover. From the same source he gives the story, now for the first time published, that as Blessed John was hurried towards the scaffold on the shoulders of the guards, he quoted aloud a passage from Horace, asking the King why he made him bear and suffer what he did not deserve. The guards stopped, but he made them go on again, and he resumed his quotation, which he made of course from memory.

As to the body of the Martyr, Father Bridgett concludes that the story of its transfer together with the body of Blessed Thomas More to Chelsea, is not to be believed, especially as it was unknown to More's great grandson, Cresacre More. The removal of Fisher's body from All Hallows churchyard to the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower, Father Bridgett says, "may be considered certain, though the time is uncertain. That the sacred bodies still repose in St. Peter's is almost equally certain." It seems that the small piece of bone at Stonyhurst marked "B. Roffensis Cardinalis" is the only claimant for the honour of being a part of the Martyr's body; and that, besides his writing in the British Museum, the Record Office and St. John's College, Cambridge, the only things now existing that are believed to have belonged to him, are his staff or walking-stick, which belongs to Mr. Eyston, of East Hendred, and his ring, which has passed through the Messiter family to Mr. Alfred Newdigate.

The Prior of Parkminster, in his *Origines du Schisme d'Angleterre*, says truly of Father Bridgett's book, "Cette vie est excellent de tout point, et laisse bien loin derrière elle tout ce qui a été publié jusqu'ici à la gloire du savant et pieux évêque de Rochester." Such an appreciation is doubly true of the book, now that it has been enriched by the treasures in its Appendix. One request we should like to make of Father Bridgett, and it is that when he reaches his third edition, as we hope he speedily may, he would give us a page of *fac-simile* of the Blessed Martyr's handwriting. It is a trifle, certainly, but it helps a little towards knowing a man, to see how he wrote.

2.—LIFE OF ST. ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ.¹

This truly "admirable life" of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, translated out of the Spanish by one of his brothers in

¹ *Vie Admirable de Saint Alphonse Rodriguez*, Coadjuteur temporel de la Compagnie de Jésus. Paris: Retaux-Bray.

religion, is a memoir written by the Saint's own hand. In it St. Alphonsus tells his own story by order of his Superiors, and what more the reader needs to know is added in a few scattered notes.

St. Alphonsus, though a lay-brother, and unread in theological studies, yet left behind him no fewer than eight entire volumes, full of the deepest thoughts and clearest lights on a variety of spiritual topics. Of these precious relics, the translation before us contains only the narrative of the Saint's life, so far as he has himself recorded it, and to it is appended the story of his holy death.

In this material age, and in this rationalizing part of the world, we are apt to minimize the supernatural in our Christianity. Modern lives of the saints have a tendency to dwell on the fact that they were men of like passions as ourselves, rather than to chronicle the marvels of that inner life of the soul which, dead to the world, is hidden with Christ in God. So closely have multitudes of the saints carried out the teaching of St. Paul to the point of a mystic death, to creatures of sense, that for all regard they paid the world, they might have already passed away from it. Indeed, the hiddenness of the life of the saints, and their great number in every age of the Church, will be one of the surprises on the day when all secrets shall be unveiled.

When the Saint was told by his Superior to write his biography, he begins in the third person, after this fashion: "The first thing which happened to him, when about thirty years of age or so, was this: he was altogether absorbed by the things of the world, and sunk in oblivion of God and his salvation, when God sent him some trials, which awoke him from his torpor." To St. Alphonsus, his biography as a religious meant only the story of his soul's converse with God and with His saints. The first turning of his soul from earth to Heaven at the age of thirty was the first thing which had happened to him! To be absorbed by the world was to converse with creatures. That needed no entry in such a book of life as is the biography of a Saint. To awake to the higher life, and to practise his religion, was to be in truth "a fellow-citizen of the saints and of the household of God." It is of this alone St. Alphonsus speaks. As St. Joseph lived with Jesus and Mary in Nazareth, so did St. Alphonsus live with the three adorable persons of the earthly Trinity as the most worthy objects of his love and

devotion, in his humble cell at Majorca. Here is what he says amongst a thousand other allusions of the same kind, in a note written in June, 1615: "One day when he was making his thanksgiving after dinner, he found himself in the presence of the Holy Virgin, with whom he was as *familiar at table as everywhere else*." (p. 231.)

As simply as some courtier might tell of his intercourse with the princes of this world, does this poor lay-brother relate how he lived in the closest union with Jesus and Mary; how he consulted these, his heavenly friends, on the whole subject of his sanctification, and how he practised their Divine teachings. By order of his Superiors it is these same most precious things St. Alphonsus committed to writing. And such being their history, it needs no words of ours to point out what an inexhaustible mine of spiritual teaching lies within this modest volume, nor to recommend them to the notice of souls in earnest about their inner life.

The English reader has already the substance of this Life in Father Goldie's *Life of St. Alonso Rodriguez*, which is based almost entirely on the testimony of the Saint respecting himself.

3.—TWO BOOKS ON GREGORIAN CHANT.¹

These two publications may, not unsuitably, be reviewed side by side, since they well illustrate the two principal standpoints from which the subject of "the true Gregorian chant" can be examined, namely, from the point of view of approved ritual, and from the scientific or antiquarian point of view. Under the former of these two aspects the time-honoured chant falls exclusively within the province of Church authority, and the *Cantorinus Romanus* illustrates admirably this side of the question. Under the latter, that is, the antiquarian aspect, it belongs to that free and open field in which sacred archæologists may labour in unchecked emulation, and M. Nisard's posthu-

¹ (a) *Cantorinus Romanus* seu collectio compendiosa Cantionum ecclesiasticarum quas editiones typicæ S.R.C. Missalis, Ritualis, et Pontificalis Romani continent, ad instructionem cantum choralem discentium, edita. Ratisbonæ, &c., sumptibus Friderici Pustet, 1890.

(b) *L'Archéologie Musicale et le vrai Chant Grégorien*, ouvrage posthume de Théodore Nisard, publié sous les soins de M. Aloys Kunc. Paris: Lethielleux.

mous work, laboriously arranged and edited by M. Kunc, is here a case in point. To begin, as due order requires, with Herr Pustet's publication.

For more than ten years past the Sacred Congregation of Rites—the mouth-piece of the Holy See in matters liturgical and ceremonial—has been actively engaged in carrying out the clearly expressed wish of the Sovereign Pontiffs, that the ecclesiastical chant used in Church offices should be reduced to perfect uniformity in point of notation. For this end, the Missal, the *Rituale Romanum*, and *Pontificale Romanum* have been successively re-edited by Pustet on the authority of the Sacred Congregation, containing the only form of Gregorian chant to which the Holy See sees fit to give its official sanction. The book before us, *Cantorinus Romanus*, undertakes to condense into the space of a handy 12mo of some 280 pages the whole of the aforesaid authorized chants, for the convenience of the teachers and learners in this branch of ecclesiastical art. The book is divided into four sections, the first three of which correspond in order with the three books of ritual above-named. A fourth section is added which comprises under the title of “*Communio*” the ordinary tones and chants of more common use in singing the Divine Office. To produce assurance that the object of this work is faithfully and neatly carried out, we need but call attention to the fact that Herr Pustet is the editor.

We are confronted at the beginning of the book with a Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dated April 26, 1883. Although not exactly a recent document, it is specially worthy of serious consideration, as doing away with the ingenious evasions by which enthusiastic specialists in the archæology of Gregorian have sought to escape the necessity of accepting in practice the authorized version of the ecclesiastical chant, to the mortification of their more or less probable theories and artistic tastes. Indeed, almost the whole of the long decree is occupied in combating this well-meant but ill-judged opposition. It is impossible, therefore, to find space for adequate quotations, but the purport of the decree may be thus summarized: Specialists may continue, even with the positive encouragement of the Church, their learned search for the long-lost “true Gregorian,” and may ventilate their theories freely upon this truly interesting subject. But the Church, on her side, claims the inalienable right to decide the practical question of discipline, namely, as to which version of the chant shall for the

present be used in the Divine worship of her Spouse. She does not approve, moreover, of the conduct of those, who mistake the gentleness with which she pushes her claim for a tacit permission to ignore her express wish, that all whom it concerns should devote themselves to securing the desired and desirable uniformity. The following fragmentary extracts from the decree will enable the reader to judge whether the above summary correctly represents the mind of the Sacred Congregation. Speaking of certain *ecclesiasticæ musicæ cultores*, the decree says (§ 2): . . . *plus æquo hujus investigationis limites prætergressi ac nimio antiquitatis amore fortasse abrepti, negligere visi sunt recentes Sedis Apostolicæ ordinationes ejusque desideria, pluries manifestata, pro inducenda conformitate Gregoriani cantus, etc.* In answer to the plea alleged, that the Holy See had not strictly imposed the authorized chant, but only recommended it strongly, the decree reminds us that it is the constant and prudent practice of the Holy See, in removing abuses of the kind, to use persuasion rather than to give commands (*persuasione magis quam imperatis uti*). And, again, after alluding to an appeal forwarded to the Holy See by a meeting of "savants" in Church music, assembled at Arezzo, in September, 1882, in honour of the famous Guido (which appeal, being against the use of the approved chant, was rejected), the decree continues: *Quamvis ecclesiastici cantus cultoribus integrum liberumque fuerit, ac deinceps futurum sit, eruditionis gratia disquirere quænam vetus fuerit ipsius ecclesiastici cantus forma . . . nilominus eam tantum authenticam Gregoriani cantus formam atque legitimam hodie habendam esse, quæ . . . rata habita est et confirmata* (that is, *juxta editionem Ratisbonæ adornata*), *utpote quæ unice eam cantus rationem contineat qua Romana utitur Ecclesia*. Consistently with the foregoing, the Congregation declares, in conclusion, that "while the Apostolic See does not *impose* upon each Church the use of the approved edition, it nevertheless earnestly exhorts the Most Reverend Ordinaries to see to its adoption" (*adoptari curent*). Concerning the merits of the matter contained in the *Cantorinus*, there is, from the nature of the case, nothing to be said. It is merely a compilation of material already sanctioned and published by highest authority. But it may be useful to call attention to the forms of chant authorized for the following cases, viz: for the *Gloria Patri* after the *Deus in adjutorium*; the *Ite missa est* for Holy Saturday and Easter Week, in which,

by the way, there is no innovation upon the chant set down in most former missals, if the latter be, as we have seldom heard it, correctly read; the monotone termination of the Epistle chant (p. 28) and also of the Lectio (*eg.*, in the Tenebræ Office and in Office for the Dead), even where, in the case of the Lectio, the text ends with an interrogation.¹ A difficulty may be raised as to the proper chant-ending to the Epistle when the text ends interrogatively, no direction being offered on this head. In the case of the "Lectio" the example given us settles the point, the text being interrogative and the chant-ending, nevertheless, in monotone. Perhaps the solution lies in the fact that no Epistle ends with a question. At least no instance occurs to our mind, although, it is true, we have not gone steadily through the Missal to ascertain.

Considering the complicated nature of the volume in hand, its correctness in the minutest printing details reflects the greatest credit on the Ratisbon press. Though some of the chants would seldom, if ever, be used except in Cathedral churches, the *Cantorinus Romanus* will still prove in many points an invaluable and practically useful addition to any choir library.

To turn now to the second publication under review: *L'Archéologie Musicale et le vrai Chant Grégorien*. This is a most valuable addition to the controversy on the genuine form of the Gregorian chant, or the precise notation and rendering of the Church chant usually ascribed to St. Gregory the Great. Some writers have maintained that this famous Pontiff had no hand either in the composition or even in the arrangement of the chant bearing his name—that at most he was only an intelligent compiler. Others go to the further length of crediting him merely with the selection of the literal text to which the chant was to be adapted by persons unknown. M. Nisard, with well-reasoned and painstaking criticism, rejects all such depreciatory views, relying chiefly, as Père Lambillotte, S.J., had done, on the testimony of John "Deacon," the historian of St. Gregory's labours. The crucial passage selected from this writer is so piously racy as to merit quotation. We give the French translation set down by the author side by side with the original Latin. "Comme le très-sage Solomon dans la maison du Seigneur, à cause de la douceur et de la componction de sa musique, Grégoire, le plus studieux des chantres, compila

¹ *Communia*, p. 32.

en manière de centon un Antiphonaire d'une très grande utilité. Il établit aussi une école de chantres, qui existe encore de nos jours avec les mêmes réglemens dans la sainte Église Romaine, et la dota de deux habitations avec leurs dépendances, l'une sous les degrés de la basilique du bienheureux Pierre, et l'autre dans le voisinage du *patriarchium* du Latran où l'on conserve maintenant encore, avec la vénération qui leur est due, le lit sur lequel il reposait pendant ses leçons de musique, le fouet dont il menaçait les petits élèves, et l'exemplaire authentique de son Antiphonaire." (p. 13.) So the Saint was a Solomon not only in his zeal for the musical adornment of Divine worship, but also in his resolve not to "spoil the child." M. Nisard is chiefly occupied in testing the real worth of the most ancient and authentic MSS. of the chant commonly appealed to, as means of arriving at the original notation, rhythm and expression of the chant contained in St. Gregory's *Antiphonarium*. (Be it noted, by the way, that here the term *Antiphonarium* is used in the wider sense of a collection of miscellaneous chants, and not simply of antiphons or anthems.) It is useless to attempt showing in detail the method and difficulties of the examination pursued by the author. For this a free use of musical examples would be indispensable. Suffice it to say that the task is a most complicated one, consisting mainly in the patient deciphering, tracing to primitive forms, and classification of a whole regiment of mediæval musical hieroglyphics, by which the chant is indicated over the literal text, and of which our present Gregorian notation is the imperfect historical offspring, although seeming to bear scarce a trace of the family likeness.

What result, it will be asked, does M. Nisard claim to have achieved by way of identifying the genuine Gregorian song? Here are his concluding words: "Guess if you can and say it if you dare!" (*i.e.*, what true Gregorian is.)

In his concluding pages he gives us as a specimen, presumably of the *best* obtainable results, the piece "Omnes de Saba venient," independently deciphered from the most reliable sources by six leading archæologists; and on comparing the melody, note-grouping, rhythm and musical expression of these six versions, he exclaims feelingly: "Where is their unity?" And reasonably enough. The actual placing of the notes given in the various versions is, indeed, for the most part wonderfully alike—in two or three versions exactly alike. Thus far, however, we have, as the author well puts it elsewhere, nothing but "the

dead body of the chant." When, however, we proceed to study the grouping of the notes, their relative (approximate) values and the musical expression, which constitute the soul and distinctive character of the chant, we find the greatest diversity between any two of the versions we may select for comparison. How is this? Because no undeniably authentic MS. copy of Gregory's *Antiphonarium* can be traced. The corpse of Gregorian can by dint of much excavation be unearthed, but who shall breathe into it a living soul?

Père Lambillotte, S.J.—no mean authority on the present subject—thought to have discovered, in 1848, in the Monastery of Saint-Gall, one of the two authentic copies of St. Gregory's *Antiphonary*, sent by Pope Adrian the First to Charlemagne for the use of a school of Church music at Metz. These precious books had been respectively entrusted for delivery to two Papal cantors, Petrus and Romanus. The latter fell ill *en route* and with difficulty reached Saint-Gall. He recovered; but having piously decided to spend the rest of his days in that monastery, *his* volume of the chant seems to have come to the same resolution. At all events, it was reverently placed by him upon the monastery altar of SS. Peter and Paul, and left there. Such in substance is the account given by the Saint-Gall chronicler, Ekkehard "the younger." Père Lambillotte announced his discovery at once, and in 1851 published a *fac-simile* copy of this ancient MS. But the learned Dom Schubiger, choirmaster at the Einsiedeln Monastery, subjected the discovery to severe criticism and detected certain notable flaws in the evidence as to its genuineness. In his dissertation on the Saint-Gall MS., published in 1848, by Nisard, and reproduced in the volume before us, Schubiger fairly proved, as it appears to us, that Père Lambillotte had too readily accepted its authenticity, and that the *Antiphonary* of Saint-Gall was not the one deposited there by Romanus. Similarly in 1848, M. Danjou, another *savant* in this branch, announced with a considerable flourish of trumpets that he had at last found *the* authentic copy of St. Gregory's work in a library at Montpellier. The chants in this MS. being notated on a wholly different system to that employed in the Saint-Gall MS., the battle among Gregorianists was renewed with seven-fold heat. M. Nisard entered the field and showed grave cause why the new claimant to the Gregorian throne should be considered a mere pretender. His reasoning is forcible. He proves pretty clearly that this version of the

chant is of the same date as a certain treatise on music accompanying it, and if so, the Montpellier *Antiphonary* is of too late a date to be one of the two sent over by Adrian the First. But though not original copies, the Saint-Gall MS. and its Montpellier rival, are, as M. Nisard acknowledges, invaluable guides in a search after the true chant. We are, then, only a little nearer to the end of our quest. Yet there are one or two minor positive fruits resulting from M. Nisard's criticism over and above the merely negative one (not to be despised), that of knowing the limits of our present knowledge. First, that it is wrong to suppose that the execution of Gregorian is to be devoid of effective musical expression. This is clear from perusing the quaint *memoria technica* in the form of an alphabetical jingle, full of alliteration, in which the saintly monk of Saint-Gall, Notker, explains by letter to his fellow-monk, Lantbert, the force of twenty-three letters of the alphabet, used as signs to guide the cantor in the rendering of the chants. For example, "M *mediocriter, melodiam, moderari, mendicando, memorat*" (i.e., sing plaintively, like a beggar = *piano con espressione*). "Q in significationibus notarum cur quæritur? cum etiam in verbis ad nihil aliud scribatur nisi ut U vim tuam amittere quæritur." (i.e., Q signifies a *want* of force = *piano dolce* or perhaps *diminuendo*. It would seem from this that the Saint-Gall monks *always* pronounced "qu" like a K). "F ut cum fragore sen frendore, feriatur, flagitat" (= *forte*, or perhaps *con strepito*, or *sforzando*). As a second result, the usual rule for rendering Gregorian chant, viz., that the notes ought not to be successively "pumped out" or given in a disjointed or *staccato* fashion, is further confirmed—the following extract from the alphabetical jingle showing, that crispness is only one of many occasional effects: "R *rectitudinem vel rasuram, non abolitionis, sed crispationis (sic) rogitat.*"

The style of M. Nisard's reasoning is lucid. Nevertheless a more liberal use of musical examples at the more difficult stages of his *critique* might have placed his work within the ken of a larger circle of interested readers. One must also emphatically except our author from the list of those who, in their over-zeal for antiquarian theories, are apt to overlook, or even resent the practical ruling of Church authority. At the beginning of his volume he expresses his absolute submission to any future judgment of the Holy See in terms more than ordinarily complete and hearty. Moreover, he frankly prints

in his supplementary pages the two briefs of Leo the Thirteenth to Dom Pothier concerning his learned work on the Benedictine chant, which respectively define the two-fold attitude of the Church towards studies in sacred archæology—that of hearty encouragement to scientific research, but of firm adhesion to her own ritual decrees. Special praise is due to the conscientious editor, M. Kunc, to whom the arrangement and editing of so intricate a book must have been no light labour, albeit a labour of love. It is a most interesting book to all lovers of the Church chant, but, naturally enough, it is by no means light reading.

4.—OBER-AMMERGAU.¹

Mr. P. J. O'Reilly has brought out in a separate volume his interesting and picturesque description of the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau which appeared in the pages of *THE MONTH*. But the volume, besides the addition of a Preface and other modifications, contains a beautiful series of some twenty illustrations, comprising the best of those which appeared in Mr. Stead's volume, and adding to them a number which he has derived from other sources, or limned with his own artistic pencil. The frontispiece, representing the monastery of Ettal, whence the play first issued, is entirely new and is of great interest. The photogravure of the Kofel-Spitz, with the clouds hanging around its sides, is produced with great skill by the Meisenbach process. For the picture of Ober-Ammergau on the cover, and for several sketches in the book itself, we are indebted to the author, who is an artist as well as a man of literary ability.

Many of our readers are already familiar with his life-like account of the play in the pages of *THE MONTH*. To the writer of the present notice, Mr. O'Reilly's description of the malignant ability with which the Chief Priests got together a mob to shout for the death of our Lord, threw quite a new light on the Gospel history, and we feel sure that no one can read his analysis of the play without learning to appreciate better than he has ever done before, the awful realities of the Passion and Death of Jesus Christ.

We have only one fault to find with this wonderful book. It is altogether too cheap. It is the most surprising shilling's

¹ *At Ober-Ammergau in 1890. A Reminiscence of the Passion Play.* By P. J. O'Reilly. London: Catholic Truth Society, 1890.

worth that has ever issued from the press. We cannot help suspecting that the author, in his desire to give a wide circulation to this most attractive volume, has allowed himself to incur expenses which will scarcely be covered even by a very large sale. But we ought not to grumble at an act of self-sacrifice which provides us with a book for a Christmas present, such as we do not believe has ever been hitherto produced at such a price. It is beautifully printed on special paper, and the illustrations add great interest to the text. The author has in the letterpress carefully avoided everything that could give offence to Protestants, though at the same time it is thoroughly Catholic in tone, and shows an appreciation of the play and those connected with it that would not be possible for any but a Catholic. We hope that Mr. O'Reilly will have such a success with his *Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau* as to induce him to employ his talents on the many scenes and stories of extraordinary interest that are connected with the saints and holy places of Ireland. There he would have a field almost without limits.

5.—A CATHOLIC MANUAL OF PSYCHOLOGY.¹

No volume of the Stonyhurst series of Manuals of Philosophy will be more eagerly welcomed by candidates for the B.A. degree of the Royal University of Dublin and the University of London than Mr. Michael Maher's *Psychology*. And outside the somewhat narrow circle of candidates for public examinations, we venture to think that this Manual may appeal to some even of those the limitation of whose leisure or philosophical tastes might lead them to hesitate before attacking the volumes on *First Principles* or *General Metaphysics*. It is distinguished in an equal degree by lucidity of treatment and by the thorough mastery which it shows, not only of the subject itself, but also of the history of psychological speculation, and of the opinions of men of the most diverse schools of thought.

If we might venture two criticisms, they would be (1) that in the earnestness of his desire to present fairly and fully the

¹ *Psychology*. By Michael Maher, S.J. (Stonyhurst Series.) London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

opinions of others, the author has here and there been rather less clear and explicit than the student might desire in the exposition of his own view (*e.g.* pp. 145, seq.); and (2) that in matters which lie on the confines of psychology and the physical sciences his grasp is not quite so firm as when he is engaged in questions purely psychological (*e.g. ibid.* and p. 200). These are matters which, if he should see reason to make a change, may easily be set right in that second edition which will, we hope, soon be called for.

The work is divided into two books, the first dealing with "Empirical or Phenomenal Psychology," or the investigation of "facts of consciousness;" the second concerned with "Rational Psychology," and dealing with the spirituality, immortality, and origin of the soul and other fundamental topics. This part of the Manual is the more valuable as the questions with which it deals have been, strange to say, entirely ignored in modern English psychological treatises. Yet as Mr. Maher rightly urges, "a work which does nothing more than describe and classify the operations of the mind, omitting all discussion regarding the mind itself, is but an abortive attempt at a science of Psychology." (p. 3.)

There is no part of this volume which we have read with greater pleasure than the thirteenth chapter, entitled "Intellect and Sense." On a right appreciation and a correct analysis of the distinction between our rational and sensuous faculties rests not only the entire superstructure of a sound "phenomenal" psychology, but also the whole of such knowledge as can be gained apart from revelation concerning the nature, the origin, and the destiny of the soul. And yet there are probably not half a dozen works on mental philosophy in the English language in which this radical distinction is not either confusedly set forth, or simply overlooked, or directly and aggressively denied. Mr. Maher deserves the highest praise for the clearness and cogency of his exposition of this portion of his subject.

We will conclude this brief notice by quoting a passage from the author's statement of the "psychological argument" for the Freedom of the Will. After putting, by way of illustration, the not unfamiliar case of a candidate for an approaching examination who is urged by an eloquent but less studious friend to leave his books and betake himself to the theatre, he goes on :

I weigh carefully the two courses, and finally decide to stick to my books to-night. . . . Now in this act I am conscious that I am acting freely. The opposing attractions are about equal. . . . The determinist may, of course, allege that my deliberation is a mere struggle of motives, and that the strongest finally prevails; but this assertion is in direct conflict with what internal observation reveals to me to be the case. I admit that often with weak-minded individuals, and occasionally in my own experience, the *Ego* or Subject seems to be passively swayed, or rather to *allow itself* to be so swayed [an excellent and acute distinction] by the competing attractions, and finally to drift in the direction of the predominating enticement. But that is certainly not the situation here. . . . It is *I* who determine which group of motives is to prevail; *I* freely choose: and *in the moment of choice* I feel the most complete assurance that the volition is *a free act on my part*. (pp. 369, 370.)

6.—MORAL THEOLOGY.¹

Reprints of the older theologians are becoming the fashion, and a very convenient fashion it is. The bibliographer will, of course, prefer to have the ponderous old folios. But these are not always so easy to obtain, and besides they are better suited to the shelf than to the table. Let us hope, therefore, that the new fashion may continue and prosper. At the moment we have to call attention to the reprint by the press of St. Boniface at Paderborn of the works of the Franciscan theologian, Elbel, a classical writer whose name is familiar to students of moral theology. The present publication is only an instalment, and is the first of ten which are to complete the entire work.

Elbel was a probabilist of sound judgment, one of the many who have wrought out the system of probabilism, and vindicated its claim to be the scientific exposition of the principles of conduct on which right-minded and prudent men instinctively act. The contents of this book will not be found to differ greatly from those handled by similar writers. The track is laid down by the nature of things, and must be followed. There is, however, a freshness in his method of treatment, and the editor rightly claims for him a special facility in the application of moral principles to practical cases. He might also have signalized the special facility which Elbel shows in giving exact and lucid expression to the principles themselves, for this

¹ *Theologia Moralis per modum Conferentiarum*. Auctore P. Benjamin Elbel, O.S.F. Novis curis edidit P. F. Irenæus Bierbaum, O.S.F. Vol. I. Paderborn Schroeder.

seems to us to be a distinct feature in the work. By way of illustration of this point, we may quote a passage which will be recognized by the initiated as a singularly exact, clear, and concise exposition of the moral issues arising out of the case of "a doubtful conscience."

Q. Is it ever lawful to act with a doubtful conscience?

A. With a conscience practically doubtful it is never lawful to act. It is, however, quite lawful to act with a conscience in speculative doubt but practically settled. The reason of the former statement is because a man acting with his conscience in practical doubt, inasmuch as his doubt is whether he sins or not in doing this or that, *e.g.*, in eating meat, exposes himself to manifest danger of sinning; for, if, with the practical doubt remaining, he eats meat, he seems by his very action to say, "I eat meat whether it be forbidden or not," which is to condemn the law and the power of the legislator. But this is always unlawful. The reason of the latter statement is because, notwithstanding a speculative doubt, *e.g.*, whether the property which till now you have been in the possession of is yours or not, a prudent settlement (of the doubt) as far as practice is concerned, can be made to the effect that here and now, even while the speculative doubt lasts, you do not sin by using up or alienating the property, since as long as doubt lasts the condition of the actual possessor is to be preferred. . . . But whoever in acting prudently deems himself not to sin by his action, but on the contrary to act uprightly, does not sin, because the prudent practical dictate (of reason) is the proximate rule of moral rectitude. Hence we act lawfully when conscience is in speculative doubt but settled as regards practice.

However, it must be observed again that this sort of settlement (of conscience) ought not to be made in compliance with a mere desire and without any reason, but rather on some rational ground, such as are legal maxims, natural equity, or the counsel of a prudent man. For this reason uneducated people, in fact, whoever are incapable of forming for themselves a really prudent practical settlement, are bound to consult others more learned than themselves if they can—for instance, their confessors, or parish priests—otherwise they will act rashly, and because they thereby expose themselves to the danger of sin they do sin. (p. 58.)

7.—THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL.¹

Our readers may remember that in November, 1888, we reviewed the first volume of Mr. Prichard's translation, or more correctly adaptation of the Commentaries of the Capuchin

¹ *An Exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul.* By Bernardine à Piconio. Translated and edited by A. H. Prichard, B.A., Merton College, Oxford. Vol. II. John Hodges, 1890.

Father, Bernardine of Picquigny, on the Epistles of St. Paul. The original work needs no commendation from us. It has long been recognized as a standard work, and we rejoiced to see it begin to appear in English dress, as there are so many Catholics even amongst those who are acquainted with Latin to whom English is always more welcome.

We regret still that Mr. Prichard did not see his way to adhere more closely to the original, but it was of course impossible, after once committing himself to the form of adaptation, to depart from it in the middle of the work. The consequence, however, is that we cannot open the book anywhere without finding serious omissions and transpositions which are not improvements. Piconius, as our readers are probably most of them aware, calls his commentary "a triple exposition." First comes in parallel column to the text a paraphrase of very moderate length, just expanding the text sufficiently to bring out the drift and connection of the argument, and simplify difficult passages. At the foot are notes on the consecutive verses and, where necessary, on separate phrases or even words, and this may be called the critical portion of the commentary. Then at intervals occur *observationes morales*, or practical explanations and applications of the text; in addition to which here and there in passages of greater difficulty a special *nota ad intelligentiam* is inserted, and finally at the end of each chapter comes the *corollarium pietatis*. Mr. Prichard omits the paraphrase, abridges the notes, and runs the observations and corollary into one, and suppresses the occasional elucidating note. Thus in the fifth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, we find in the English nothing to represent the very valuable *nota ad intelligentiam* which Piconius inserts after the seventeenth verse with a view to elucidating the sequence and drift of the Apostle's argument. Then what Piconius calls *observationes morales*, are in the new version turned into the "Corollary of piety," in a very condensed and not altogether happy form, whilst Bernardine's own *Corollarium pietatis* disappears altogether, though containing four points of great practical importance. Thus we lose the very beautiful exposition of the tenth verse by which St. Paul is shown to have set forth five specially terrible features of the Last Judgment. In this process, much of the simplicity and unction of the original evaporates, much explanatory comment is eliminated, whilst thoughts and sentiments are introduced which are in

no way attributable to the author. With all this we should have little disposition to quarrel had the new work been simply described on the title-page as an Exposition based upon the Commentary of Piconius, whereas we are led to expect a translation edited by Mr. Prichard. The book in its English form ceases to be a translation at all when editing embraces so extensive a revision, transposition, excision, amalgamation, and systematic omission as is here included under the description.

We must be thankful, however, for what we get, a very valuable commentary within reasonable compass, and written in extremely readable English.

8.—CANON LAW.¹

These two books are intended for the same purpose. Each is meant as a text-book for Canon Law Schools, but Father Sanguineti's work is applicable to all the world, and Dr. Smith's is meant primarily for America, and then for other countries in a similar canonical position, as Ireland, England, Scotland, Canada, &c. Father Sanguineti's book will be a singular help to any lecturer on Canon Law; as if there be one thing more than another that must be Roman, it is the science of that law which emanates from Rome, and appeals in which lie in the last instance to Rome. Nothing more distinctly or emphatically Roman could there be than this text-book, from the pen of a professor who, having taught Canon Law in the Roman College, was taken five years ago by the Pope to teach in the *Academia historico-juridica*, recently founded by His Holiness.

If the other work comes before us in some sense with less *éclat*, it may be said to be, if less perfect in theory, more full in practical details. We learn with pleasure that Dr. Smith's *Elements of Ecclesiastical Law*, in three volumes, has reached its seventh edition. Useful as that book must have been found, for its sale to have been so extended, we cannot help thinking that the compendious form of the present volume will be welcomed as sufficient for the ordinary needs of the clergy and

¹ *Juris Ecclesiastici Institutiones, in usum Praelectionum.* Auctore Sebastiano Sanguineti, S.J. Romæ, 1890.

Compendium Juris Canonici ad usum Cleri et Seminariorum hujus regionis accommodatum. Auctore Rev. S. B. Smith, S.T.D. Neo-Eboraci, 1890.

of ecclesiastical students. The chief interest of the book to ourselves lies in the laws affecting the United States. For instance, we learn that in America the Holy See has required that a tenth part of the missions in each diocese should become missionary rectories, conferring immovability on their rectors, who after the first time are to be appointed by *conkursus*, or competitive examination. This manner of appointment does not exist in England to any missions, or to parishes in Ireland. In this, America is more advanced than we are, but on the other hand, Cathedral Chapters do not yet exist in the United States, though in their stead bodies of Diocesan Consultors have been established. It appears that in the Third Council of Baltimore the Bishops were empowered to alienate Church property to the value of five thousand dollars without asking special leave of the Holy See, and this faculty has since been extended by Propaganda for ten years to all alienations. Many points of similar interest catch the eye as one turns over the pages of this useful book.

We must confess our desire to see a similar book written particularly for English use. It could easily contain all that is of value in Dr. Smith's *Compendium*, and yet be a smaller, and therefore less expensive book. The translations into English that pervade this volume are almost always needless, and their suppression would make a difference in bulk. For example, opening the book at hazard, what can be more useless than these English renderings, which as translations of headings occupy a line apiece? "§ 3. *Foundationes*. (*Pious Foundations*.) I. *Notio Foundationis*. (*Correct Idea of Foundations*.)" And then the next line is a question: "*Quær*. Quid sint *foundationes*?" And another line answers: "*Resp*. Sunt *donationes*," &c. Why did not the author begin simply "*Foundationes sunt donationes*," &c.? (p. 318.)

By the way, we have noticed one translation that seems to us erroneous: "... *quoad laicos* (*lay brothers*) *et conversos* (*religious appointed to attend to the temporalities and out-door business of the order*." p. 278.) Our author has made a distinction where none exists.

If we may add a word of comment on Father Sanguineti's book, it would be to complain of the want of head-lines. Nothing is more tiresome than to have nothing at the head of a page but its number. An indication of the subject-matter is a crying want in Roman books, in which there is nothing to

point out to you what chapter it is on which you have opened at hazard, or whether you are to turn backwards or forwards to find the chapter you are in search of.

9.—MANUAL OF CHURCH HISTORY.¹

It is a subject of sincere congratulation to the large world of English-speaking Catholics that they have at last the first instalment of an original and modern Church History, complete up to the present time, and composed and written in terse clear English. It is an additional subject of congratulation that it is the work of a Professor who holds a chair in a College which deservedly holds, and without dispute, the first place among English-speaking ecclesiastical colleges. The excellent work of Alzog fails to be attractive because of the vehicle in which it is given to us, that of a translation: nor is it in touch with the peculiar line of controversy which the Anglican historical school forces upon the English reader. But Father Gilmartin dwells naturally in greater length on topics which interest us most especially, the history of the Church in the British Isles.

The classification of subjects, the grouping together under one head the whole of any important question, *e.g.*, the Sacrament of Penance, Clerical Celibacy, Mahommedanism, gives the work as a handy book of reference a special value in days when people are so busy that it is impossible for them to pick out the subject from the pages of a Church History, or from the proofs, often antiquated, of a controversial theologian.

It is quite unnecessary to say a word about the individual facts which go to make up the history, when every sentence shows painstaking research, and when the position of the author gives such a guarantee for their accuracy. The difficulty with regard to Church history is that the writer who deals with it requires, not merely the various qualities demanded from the ordinary historian, and these are by no means few, but a thorough grasp and a wide view of theology in all its branches are an absolute condition of success. False theological premisses will necessarily affect the judgment on a thousand matters. And though to a person in good faith, with a clear insight into the bearing of

¹ *Manual of Church History.* By the Rev. T. Gilmartin, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Vol. I. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1890.

facts, and absolute impartiality in the acceptance and in the statement of them, the truth will constantly be made evident, it is morally impossible for one, whose theological knowledge is defective, to avoid being as constantly misled. Thus the fairest non-Catholic historian can never be a guide whom we can follow with implicit confidence.

Father Gilmartin, though without any attempt to rival the brilliant and ornate writing of a Milman or a Froude, is by no means too didactic or dry. He frequently cites modern Anglican writers in confirmation of his statements, a fashion which will no doubt reassure many a reader that he is well informed as to what others say about us.

The work is evidently got up so as to be within the reach of the ecclesiastical student, and is meant in the first instance as a text-book for those who attend the lectures of their professor. The amount of reference to be desired is always a moot point, and there are many opinions as to what is excess or the contrary on this head. Perhaps our author has been too chary of his authorities for the general reader. A little more prominence given to the marginal headings, and running dates with considerable prominence would also have been an improvement, and would have secured a larger number of purchasers, as any aid to readier reference is, as we already said, so strong a recommendation in these days of crams and haste. Another point in which Alzog might have been imitated to advantage would be a selected list of the best authorities ancient and modern at the head of each chapter.

Where all is so well done, it is difficult to single out any particular portion for special praise, and we venture to say that personal acquaintance with the work will rather enhance than lessen the justice of the praise here given to it.

10.—THE WINDING WAY.¹

Mr. Fletcher's latest novel, though perhaps not quite equal in originality to *Andrewlina*, or as full of strange and startling incident, does not fall far short of that exciting narrative in its power to fascinate the reader at the outset, and keep his interest absorbed until the last page of the volume is turned. *Winding Way* is the story of an impostor. The scene opens in mid-

¹ *The Winding Way*. A Novel. By J. S. Fletcher. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Limited, 1890.

ocean ; two young men, but yesterday strangers to one another, now fellow-passengers on board the *Hermione*, bound from New York to Liverpool, are chatting together as they pace the deck after dinner. The conversation is engrossed by one, who is confiding to the other the joyous hopes in the bright future that awaits him in England—his native home, from which he had been absent since his childhood—where, through the death of a grandfather, he has succeeded to a baronetcy, and become possessed of considerable property. Meanwhile, the other listens with secret envy, contrasting his own lot with that of his companion, and wondering why fortune should thus smile on one, and frown on another. The two men were nearly of an age and singularly alike in face and figure ; strangely enough too, the initial letters of their respective names were identical, for the talker was Sir Philip Livingstone, while his silent companion was Paul Laverack. That same night, a few hours after the two had separated, there was a collision, and the *Hermione* went down with all on board. Paul Laverack was an accomplished swimmer : he had a tussle with death, and saved himself, scrambling into a drifting boat, and dragging after him the senseless body of Sir Philip, whom he had found in the water. When daylight broke, Paul found himself the sole survivor, alone on the wide ocean, for the man lying at his feet was dead. He stooped to unfasten the life-belt round the dead man's body, when his hand came in contact with the pocket-book containing the papers which were to serve for his identification. Then a great temptation assailed him.

Suddenly Paul Laverack was no longer alone in the boat. The devil sat opposite to him on the thwarts, and talked with him, and the dead man's papers lay on the seat between them.

"Paul Laverack," said the devil, "you, and you alone, are in the possession of a great secret." He pointed to the pocket-book, and glanced meaningly at Paul. "What hinders you from proceeding to England with these papers, and proclaiming yourself Sir Philip Livingstone ?"

Paul sprang to his feet, and sent forth a long, bitter cry. A seamew, flying far above, heard it and called back to him. . . . He took up the pocket-book and began to examine the paper. Yes, they were all there. Proof in plenty lay folded in the thick leather case. (p. 79.)

We will not destroy our reader's interest in the book by revealing the incidents through which Paul Laverack returns to Europe in the character of Sir Philip Livingstone. Enough

to say that he is received with open arms by the Livingstones. It is true that there were difficulties in his way in carrying out the character that he had assumed, but he succeeds in overcoming them, and all goes well, until an American professor who, unknown to Philip, had been rescued from the wreck of the *Hermione*, appears on the scene. This man, himself a scoundrel, suspects something wrong. His suspicions are confirmed on hearing that on the night of the catastrophe, Helena, Philip's twin-sister, dreamt that she saw two young men, both almost exactly like her brother, in an open boat at sea. One lay in the bottom of the boat, the other sat in the stern. Suddenly the latter threw the other overboard, and watched him sink. The Professor determines to follow up this clue in the hope of making "piles of money" by the business.

We leave to the reader the pleasant task of following this cunning rogue, as he gradually unearths the fatal secret. Paul Laverack was not a practised deceiver, and he did not always find it easy to maintain his assumed part. The end of the story is most tragic. The family doctor, failing to find on Paul a birth-mark he knew Philip to have had, denounced him as a villainous impostor. A sickening dread of exposure came over Paul; he thrust the old man from him with such violence that he fell heavily to the ground, his head striking against the marble fender. He was dead. The doctor's son, Helena's lover, is arrested on suspicion of the murder. Paul hears of this just when the inquest is to be held, and a terrible struggle takes place within him. Should he go to the inquest and confess all, confess himself a liar, an impostor, a murderer, or should he keep silence, and make no sign? Once more we refer our readers to the book we are reviewing for the result of this second struggle with himself, and for the tragic scenes which close this most interesting and sensational story. Though highly sensational, the tone of this story is excellent, and it can be safely put in the hands of any one. The moral conveyed by poor Paul's career is a good one; it offers no encouragement to those who think that *The Winding Way* will be smooth to their steps, and will lead to a promised land of happiness and peace.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE sermons¹ preached by Dr. Hedley, the Bishop of Newport and Menevia, at the opening of the new Catholic Church at Cambridge, is a model of what a Catholic sermon preached to a very mixed congregation on such an occasion ought to be. It is not controversial, it attacks no one, and can offend no one; it is dogmatic, and lucidly dogmatic, and also practically dogmatic, affording a beautiful illustration how the dogmas of the Church explain the facts that we see around us in the world of religious and irreligious thought amidst which we live. He explains what is meant by the "obedience of faith," its reasonableness, the character of the evidence, the obstacles in its way, the preparation of the will for its acceptance. All this is simply and persuasively put forward in language at the same time concise and clear, attractive, and strictly theological. It is a sermon which all may read with profit, and we can only hope that many such may sound in the ears of those who come whether to worship or merely to listen in the magnificent building which surpasses in its beauty all or nearly all the many beautiful ecclesiastical buildings of Cambridge.

Father Sebastian, C.P., has just issued a little volume entitled *Thesaurus Sacerdotum*.² It is an Appendix to his *Manual of the Most Blessed Sacrament*, and its object is the all-important one of kindling and preserving the devotion of priests. It contains a preparation for Holy Mass, and a thanksgiving after Mass, a number of litanies and prayers specially suitable for priests; some pious and excellent meditations on the Blessed Sacrament, on the priestly order, and on the chief feasts of the year. To these is appended a variety of extracts from the Fathers on the Sacrament of Holy Order, the Primacy of

¹ *The Obedience of Faith*. A Sermon preached at the opening of the Church of Our Lady and the English Martyrs at Cambridge, October 15, 1890. By Right Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.D., Bishop of Newport and Menevia.

² *Thesaurus Sacerdotum*, a Patre Sebastiano a SS. Sacramenti, C.P. Dublin: James Duffy and Co.

St. Peter, on Penance, &c., besides a collection of blessings, absolutions, and formulas which will be found very useful to a priest, ending with a collection of hymns in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. This manual is one that will be found of great service to priests not only as furnishing them with a variety of useful information necessary to the exercise of their ministry, but still more in the pious suggestions and holy thoughts that it contains, and the study of which cannot fail to be of profit to the soul of the individual priest, as well as to the efficacy of his ministry to the souls of others.

*Gems for my Crown*¹ is a collection of pious thoughts and maxims which, if consistently carried out and acted on in daily life, will certainly ensure a crown in Heaven set with the most resplendent jewels. There is one of these gems for each day in the year, and those who cannot find time for meditation properly so-called, or for regular spiritual reading, will do well at least to read and think over for a few minutes the instructive suggestions contained in this beautiful little book.

We are glad to see that the Catholic Truth Society are undertaking a campaign in behalf of Wales. It was the last portion of Great Britain to lose the faith, and though the ranters and Methodists who have occupied the territory do not offer a very hopeful field for conversion, yet there is a presumption that those who kept the faith the longest may be the first to regain it. In *The Church of Old Wales*² the Roman origin and the obedience to Rome of the Church of former days is clearly demonstrated, and the Lives of St. Germanus, St. Dyfrig, St. Cadoc, St. Illtyd, and others, are narrated in a pleasant style and an appreciative spirit that ought to appeal to the heart of every Welshman. Two parts of the work are already out. They cost only 1d. each, and contain a number of suitable illustrations. We understand that they have already been translated into Welsh, and we can only say that if the people of Wales have the patriotism with which they are credited, these little books ought to be very popular. The conversion of Wales will need a miracle of grace, but if anything can bring it about, it will be accomplished, through God's mercy, by their recognition of their descent from the Roman Church, their dependence on the See of Peter. To this end

¹ *Gems for my Crown*. By a Child of Mary. Dublin: Gill and Son.

² *The Church of Old Wales*. Part I. The First Ages of Faith. Part II. The Age of Saints. Illustrated. London: Catholic Truth Society.

books like those on *The Church of Old Wales* clearly contribute, and we are glad to hear that these little pamphlets are appearing simultaneously in English and in Welsh.

Father Clarke's little meditation books¹ have already received abundantly that form of praise, which one whose object is to promote prayer must value most. They have found their way into very many hands; and, as they are much too short to be used for mere spiritual reading, there is no doubt that they are accepted, according to the intention of the author, as aids to mental prayer. Whether it be that they help to satisfy a need which was felt before they began to appear, or that they tend to create the craving which they help to satisfy, they are doing in either case good service to the best of causes. Though short they are, not jejune. The thoughts are often as suggestive as the words are simple. The unpretending style, which is maintained through all the series, is one of its best characteristics. The meditations on the Public Life of our Lord, which are the most recent, are now united in one volume, intended to provide spiritual good for half the year. This beautiful little book, bound in cloth and gold lettered, will form a most acceptable and suitable Christmas present.

Father Morris' sketch of Blessed Juvenal Ancina,² which appeared in the pages of *THE MONTH*, has been republished by the Catholic Truth Society in their Biographical Series. This great servant of God, who lived towards the end of the sixteenth century, and has been recently beatified, was a member of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and Bishop of Saluzzo against his will. He was poisoned by a priest whom he had suspended on account of his scandalous life, and died a martyr of purity in 1604.

Messrs. Benziger's *Illustrated Catholic Family Almanac*³ contains the usual interesting and well-selected readings for old and young. The illustrations, which are many and varied, seem to improve year by year, and it can be recommended to our readers as a very suitable Christmas present.

The Catholic Family Annual,⁴ issued by the New York Catholic Publication Society, is of a similar character, except

¹ *The Ministry of Jesus*. Meditations for Six Months. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. Catholic Truth Society.

² *Blessed Juvenal Ancina*. By Father Morris. (Biographical Series.) London: Catholic Truth Society.

³ *The Illustrated Catholic Family Almanac*. New York: Benziger Brothers.

⁴ *The Catholic Family Annual*. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

that it is more strictly biographical and descriptive than Messrs. Benziger's Almanac. It has a beautiful picture of the Abbey Church, Adare, and a number of portraits of remarkable men who have died during the year, the first being that of Mr. Laurence Kehoe, who was for many years the energetic and able manager of the Catholic Publication Society.

*A Casket of Irish Pearls*¹ introduces us to a number of subjects with which all Irish Catholics ought to be familiar, and which Catholics of every land will read with interest and profit. The Foundation of Maynooth, the Book of Kells, written with St. Columba's own hand, Iona, Reminiscences of Maynooth, both in prose and verse, a Poem on St. Barry leaving Glendalough, and one or two minor pieces, make up the volume, which bears witness to a careful research and the scholarly tastes of the Very Reverend author.

*Mors et Vita*² contains some very suitable thoughts for solemn seasons. It is written by one who has herself passed through the furnace of suffering, and the words of one who has learned by experience to sympathize with those who suffer, carry with them a special weight. The first part, "Mors," treats of Death, natural, supernatural, eternal; the second part, "Vita," of Life, under the same three headings. The reader will find in these pages a number of holy thoughts and pious suggestions suitable to times of suffering and trial.

Dr. Wiedemann, Professor of Egyptology in the University of Bonn, whose prolific pen has already produced a great number of valuable monographs on the history and traditions, the myths and monuments of Egypt, has recently published an account of the religion of the ancient inhabitants of the land.³ The study of this subject has a peculiar interest owing to the extraordinary conservatism which characterized the people, preventing them from abandoning the old, even when fain to adopt what was new. In consequence of this, the simple forms which represented to the primeval inhabitants of the Nile-regions their several deities, and the rude ceremonies of primitive worship, are found existing side by side with the divinities of a later period and the ritual of more civilized times and nations. Dr. Wiedemann's work, which displays equal erudition

¹ *A Casket of Irish Pearls*. By the Rev. Dean Gunn. Dublin: Gill and Son.

² *Mors et Vita*. Thoughts for Solemn Seasons. By L. C. Skey. Swan Sonnenschied.

³ *Die Religion der Alten Ägypter*. Dargestellt von Dr. A. Wiedemann. Münster, 1890.

and good sense, is not so much an exposition of a religious system, for this the Egyptians did not possess, as a clear and accurate statement of all that is known respecting their ancient creed and cultus. On the advent of the heralds of Christianity in the land, the old beliefs and superstitions entirely disappeared.

Miss Dobrée's pretty little tale,¹ which on account of its truthfulness to nature will be gladly perused by the young, is intended to convince the reader that the selfishness natural to children must be checked and corrected, if they are to be happy and beloved. The hero, Rex by name, is an orphan boy, who has been petted and spoiled by the foolish fondness of a grandmother and aunt, until he thinks that he may rule his life by what pleases him, and all must give way to him. He is struck by the contrast his own conduct affords to the behaviour of some children with whom he makes acquaintance, who have been trained to sacrifice their own inclinations and desires for the sake of others, and to consider in everything the wishes and needs of those with whom they come in contact. From the wise advice of the mother of his friends, Rex learns to become *Little King I*, not by making his desires law to himself and to others, but by acquiring command over himself and holding sway over his unruly passions.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The severe scientific scrutiny to which the miracles at Lourdes are subjected before being acknowledged as such, is the subject of the opening article in the *Études* for November. These cures, occurring of late years almost daily and in public, give the lie to Littré's saying that no miracle has ever been worked where it could be observed and tested. A few months back, the *Études* animadverted on the corrupting influence of French novelists of the day. Another class of "literary malefactors," the journalists, are now pilloried with an unsparing hand. Of the one thousand eight hundred journals and reviews published in Paris alone, not one hundred are Catholic; the others, one and all, from the *Figaro* downwards, whatever their distinctive opinions, vie with one another in hatred of God and His Church, in attacks on religion, morality, and social order. The immense circulation of these periodicals renders

¹ *Little King I*. A Story for the Young. By Louisa Emily Dobrée. London: John Hogg, 13, Paternoster Row.

them a formidable power for evil, and the favour they meet with in all classes of society may be termed a national crime. The duty of the Biblical apologist, in answering the objections of modern scepticism, to adhere to the interpretation of the Fathers as closely as possible in all matters touching upon faith, is clearly set forth by Father Brücker in an article entitled, "Progress and Tradition." The account of the acquisition by France of New Caledonia and a neighbouring island is extremely interesting. The success of the expedition was due to the prompt action of the French officers and their cleverness in outwitting their English rivals; and also in a great measure to the assistance rendered by the missionaries, who were desirous not only to serve their country, but also to secure a Catholic protectorate over the territories they sought to evangelize. Little is known of the Carthusians, owing to the strict seclusion in which they live. Father Chérot's testimony, after studying the voluminous annals of the Order, is that its members have done good service to the Church. It is, moreover, one of the few institutions of ancient origin and wide extension which have never needed reform. Father Gaillard, in concluding his essay on Chinese art, states that although the missionaries have never succeeded in acclimatizing European art in China, their efforts have had a marked influence on the decorative manufacture of porcelain. The obstinate adherence of wood-engravers to the traditional methods of their industry prevents progress in this branch of art.

In the last number of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* issued in 1890, Father von Hammerstein again recurs to the subject of the marriage-laws, with the purpose of urging the necessity of separate legislation on this point for the different religious confessions. He points out the difficulties and miseries that frequently arise from the non-recognition by the State of the divergence of the views taken from the Catholic and non-Catholic standpoint, of the dissolubility of wedlock and the value of a civil contract of marriage apart from the religious ceremony. Father Zimmermann writes on Cardinal Newman with full appreciation of the character and talents of that gifted writer. He shows an extensive acquaintance with the works by means of which the Cardinal exercised so great an influence over his contemporaries, and will continue to make that influence felt on generations to come. In a recent number of the *Stimmen*, an account was given of the early life of Demetrius, the Pretender who in the seventeenth century raised himself from a position of

obscurity to the throne of the Czars. The history of his usurpation and brief reign—ended by a violent death—is now laid before the reader. Whether Demetrius was what he asserted himself to be, is left matter of conjecture; the object of the writer being to give a correct view of the relations he maintained, often misrepresented by historians, with the Holy See and the Society of Jesus. Father Haan, in a concluding article on Hypnotism, considers the question whether the phenomena produced by hypnotism are undoubtedly preternatural, and whether they are to be ascribed to demoniacal agency. As the result of his investigations, he states his opinion to be that the impossibility of their explanation on purely natural grounds is not proved. An account of the international exhibition of paintings at Munich, with some judicious remarks in regard to the condition and needs of religious art in the present day, closes the review.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (970) once more deplores the ascendancy of the Jews in Europe, and the ruinous effects of their all-pervading influence. They rule the Exchange and the Theatre; literature and commerce are subject to them. Usury, which their law prohibits them from practising among themselves, has given the children of Abraham their power over the civilized world; they are swayed by two passions, insatiable love of money, undying hatred to Christianity. A second article on the prevalence of Freemasonic principles in Italy, enumerates the means whereby this sect has obtained its hold over the Government and the people; the principal of these being a monopoly of the journals of the day and of the public instruction of the young. A short paper on the religion of the ancient Egyptians speaks of the vast amount of study and research devoted of late to this most interesting subject, and the various and conflicting theories propounded by Egyptologists in regard to the origin and nature of the beliefs held by that great people of the past. The Editor of the *Civiltà* (971) makes his customary annual appeal on behalf of the impoverished nuns of Italy, giving touching details of the privations and sufferings imposed on them by the almost incredible injustice of the Government. The history of the Pontificate of Gregory the Great is continued; and a considerable space is devoted to a review of the tenth edition of Cantù's *Universal History*—a work which has met with unparalleled success in Italy, and has been translated into almost every European language.

